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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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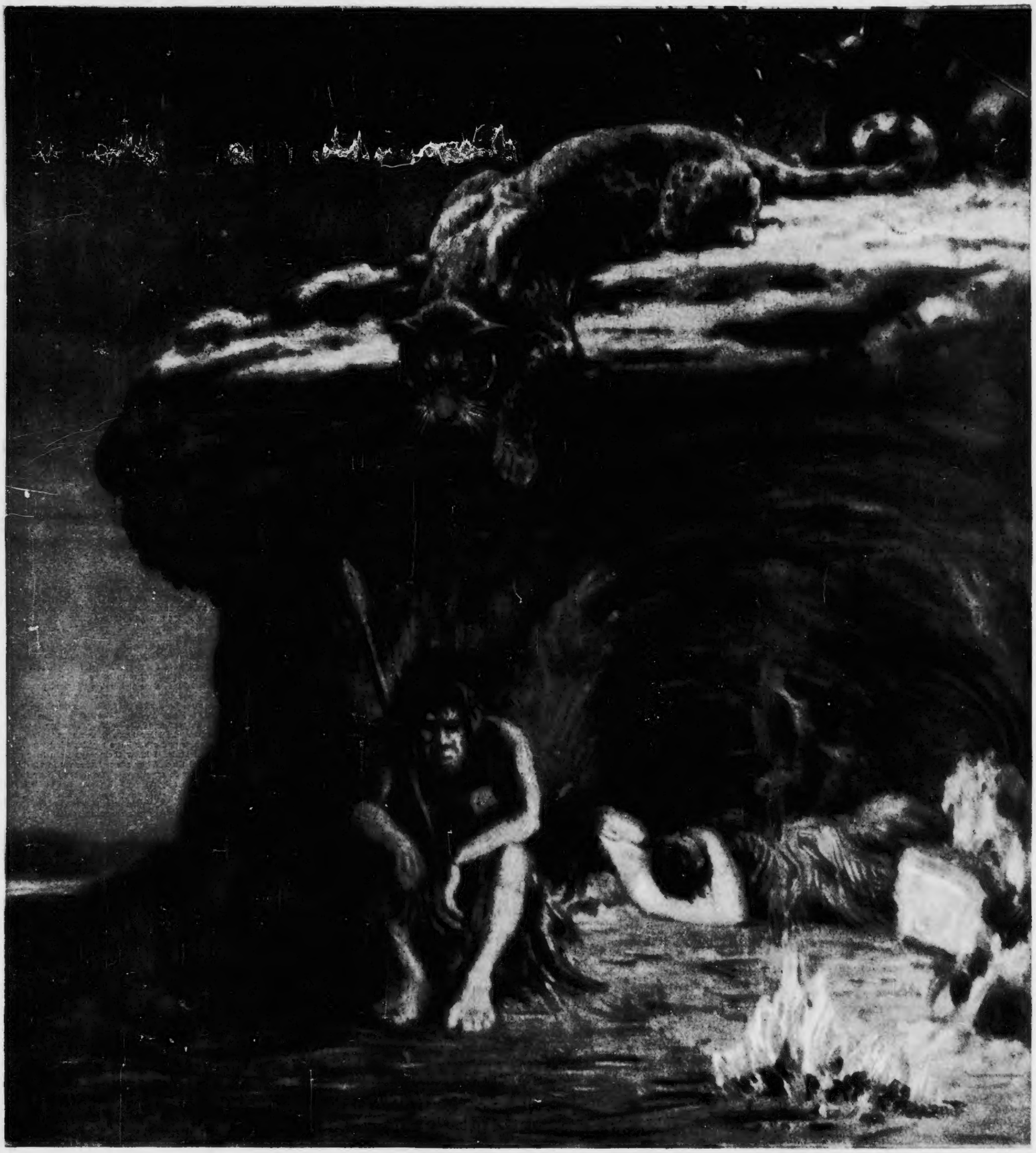
Sunday, Aug. 15, 1937



Our Caveman Ancestors

Dramatic Paintings of the Life of Prehistoric Man

by Charles R. Knight
Distinguished Artist-Scientist

DEATH'S WATCHER IN THE NIGHT

THIS painting shows a weary prehistoric Neanderthal man asleep with his wife and child. The scene is adapted from the cavern of Le Moustier, in Southern Central France, which Mr. Knight visited and studied for several months. A cave-leopard is sneaking down to pounce on the sleeping family. The leopard was, perhaps, the most active, intelligent and ferocious of all the animals that made the prehistoric man's life difficult. But fortunately a small fire is burning at the cave entrance, and this may frighten the beast away from seizing the prey he craves. The prehistoric man of this age had to secure his game with only a club or stone-pointed spear, and was constantly exposed to attack by the larger flesh-eating animals.

Charming Companions for Fifty Cents an Hour

A Load of the Charming Professional Companions at the Pan-American Exposition in Dallas, Texas, Who Are Hired Out to Lonesome Male Visitors, by Arrangement, with a Bus Company.

Blondes, Brunettes, Red-Heads From 18 to 24 Years, Are Available to the "Man Adrift" Who Craves Feminine Company as He Visits the Various Exhibits. Here Are the Professional Companions Waiting to Be Looked Over.

The Blondes Seem to Be as Popular as Ever with Gentlemen, as This Girl, Formerly a Professional Model, Says. The Girls Must Remain on the Fair Grounds During Working Hours. Afterward, If the Employer Asks for a Telephone Number, It's Up to the Girls.

THE funnymen of the stage, the movies and the radio sometimes make jokes about the "girl guides," but on the spacious grounds of the **Pan-American Exposition at** Dallas, Texas, the young women who show visitors the sights—for a fee of 50 cents an hour—are not jokes. They are efficient, good-looking and charming company. If it weren't for them many a stranger to the big show would go home without getting a good look at the thousands of attractions brought together to glorify the Lone Star State. And many a lonesome male will remember a day, or an hour, with one of the comely "senoritas" as the highlight of his visit to the celebrating Texas metropolis.

Earlier in the days of the exposition a corps of handsome young men played the roles now taken over by a bevy of carefully selected girls. They were lightly referred to as "rental Romeos" although they, like their successors, were all business and available only for the job of showing visitors the sights.

As the photographs on this page show, the "girl guides" were picked for their good looks, their intelligence and their charming way with strangers. They range in age from 18 to 24, average five feet, six inches in height and tip the scales at about 115 pounds. None of them was given a job until she could demonstrate a fine set of teeth and a friendly smile.

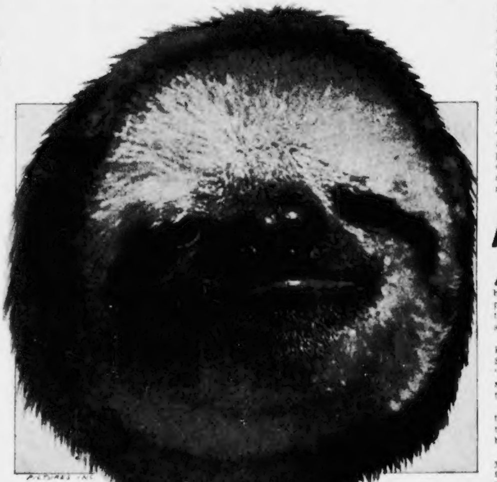
The powers-that-be at the exposition decided that the costumes worn by the girls should reflect the spirit of the Southwest and, of course, should have a touch of Mexico in it. Many of the visitors to the show come from Central and South America.

The full skirts are green, red and silver and are worn with white blouses covered with those little Mexican jackets called boleros. A black sash and a gaucho hat complete the ensemble.

The guides have a station close to the main entrance of the exposition and have little free time on their hands. They are pleasant and well-trained, but they work under strict regulations. They may not leave their grounds during the day and are not allowed to drink cocktails and such with their temporary employers. The only time that they can smoke is at lunch or dinner.

Eight of the guides hold college degrees and most of them speak Spanish as well as English.

A Guiana Beauty, As Sloths Go



Zoologists Say That This Denizen of the Dutch Guiana Jungles Is a Particularly Beautiful Sloth, but Since Sloths Are Not Blessed with Classical Profiles, You'll Have to Study the Face Carefully to Find the Points of Pulchritude.

THERE are many species of animals that, because of the difficulty of capturing them or keeping them in captivity seldom are seen in the circus and the zoo. Among these hard-to-get creatures is the little sloth, one of which is shown in the photograph at the right.

The specimen was captured during an expedition to the jungles of Dutch Guiana. After hours of hard work it was shaken loose from the top branches of a tall tree where it fled at the approach of the hunters. It's face is strangely human and the captive showed an inclination to be friendly once it had become accustomed to the company of humans.

This sloth is about the size of a small dog, is chubby, covered with short, thick fur and not very handy at getting about on the ground. Nature intended it to live in trees, feeding on certain kinds of leaves, and equipped it to travel upside down.

The photograph doesn't show the sloth's long front legs fitted with a couple of strong claws for holding onto branches, nor its hind feet, which are almost as handy for climbing. The front legs, it seems, are long for another reason—so that the creature may reach out for leaves and put the green stuff into its rather humorous mouth.

No speed records will ever be broken by this funny looking fellow and other members of his family, but once in a tree he is in his element and seems to climb and hang, upside-down, for hours without the least effort. Being light in weight, the sloth can climb to the highest branches and swing on twigs that would break beneath the weight of heavier animals.

As a matter of fact, Nature didn't put much fight in the little sloth and its chief protection against its enemies is its ability to go where they can't get.

Only when it is very young does a sloth see life right-side-up. Then it clings to the thick fur on its mother's back and hitch hikes through the jungle trees, but the instant the creature is ready to travel under its own power it reverts to type and moves with its feet uppermost.

One writer, describing the sloth, said: "The queer little animal does everything suspended. In fact, it spends its whole life in suspense like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop."

A Kiss for Her Pet Cobra

ALMOST every circus and carnival has at least one "snake charmer," usually a garishly dressed young woman who fondles the reptiles and lets them coil themselves about her body. But most of these performers are rank amateurs when compared with Ma Hia, one of a troop of Burmese snake charmers which travels around drawing big crowds and giving most spectators the sort of thrill that makes shivers run up and down their spines.

Ma Hia doesn't have to appear with assorted snakes that are kept in a stupor or reptiles which have had their fangs removed. She is the genuine article and has been since she was a girl in her 'teens. Like many other members of the show in which she stars, she has a way with snakes, and the bigger and more vicious they are the better she likes it.

Animal trainers who know what they're talking about say that there probably aren't a hundred people alive who would dare attempt the stunt that Ma Hia is doing in the photograph below. She is, believe it or not, kissing a full grown cobra.

This reptile is 13 feet long and is the personal property of the young woman. No one else in the company ever has tried to handle the snake which, since its capture in India, has been handled only by Ma Hia. She does not discuss, for publication, just how she manages to get along with a member of the species which has taken a heavy toll among natives in the Near East. She says simply that, "I am able to do with cobras and other large reptiles what some people do with dogs, cats and birds. I know their ways from long experience and they understand that. They are not nervous in my hands and most of the time, they do exactly what I command them to do. I do not say that I am the only person living who can make a safe and sane pet of a hooded cobra, but I do warn anyone who has the least fear of such creatures not to try to duplicate my act."

The cobra kiss comes at the end of a series of stunts with a dozen big snakes, any one of which has the power in its coils to crush the woman to death.

They Ring Up "No Sail" on This Hotel Ship's Cash Register

OSTEND, Belgium, is a seacoast resort with enough hotels to accommodate thousands of vacationers and health seekers. Some of these hostelries are extremely exclusive and expensive. Others are less of a strain on the pocketbook, but the place that gets the most attention in this city by the sea is the "Normandie," shown in the photograph below.

As might be supposed, the hotel was named after the French queen of the seas, the ocean liner that, at the moment, holds the record for crossing the Atlantic. Everybody knows about the Normandie and the owners of the novel hotel are cashing in on the fame of the ship.

When the seaside inn was first built the architects designed it so that it didn't look especially different from dozens of other places in the resort and then, just before the building was finished the owners had the inspiration to make it stand out by giving it the appearance of a liner.

Extra plans were hurriedly drawn up and a concrete "hull" was erected so that the bow projected at one end of the structure and the stern at the other. Large portholes added to the marine appearance of the hotel. Metal railings were installed on the "deck" and around the roof. An addition turned out to be a good enough representation of a navigating bridge. And the job was neatly topped off with a smokestack.

To preserve the salty atmosphere a gangplank was placed at the main entrance and all guests have to "come aboard," even though the hotel is not washed by the waves even at high tide.

It is planned to make certain alterations inside the building so that the rooms on the structure's three floors have the appearance of staterooms. All the bellboys are dressed like ship's stewards and their uniforms are more-or-less accurate copies of the suits worn by the stewards on the real Normandie.

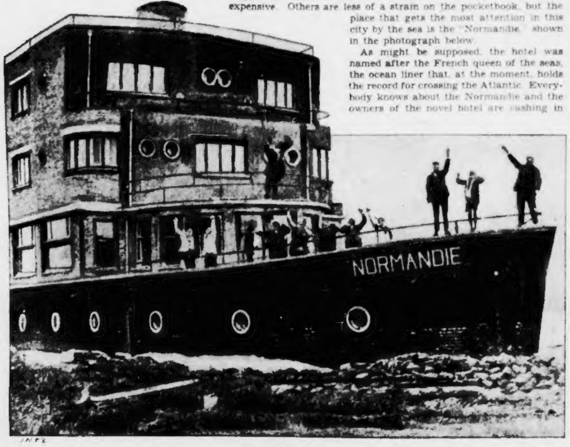
The owners wish now that they had put up a more ambitious building, because their idea caught the fancy of the public and the place has been filled since the day it opened. One of the most popular attractions in the hotel is a weekly "ship's concert" in which the guests are invited to take part.

About three years ago the Italians had a similar idea when they erected the Duca D'Aosta Hotel in Sestrieres, in the Italian Alps. They didn't put up a building in imitation of an ocean liner, but did manage to build something that looked very much like a monster lighthouse.

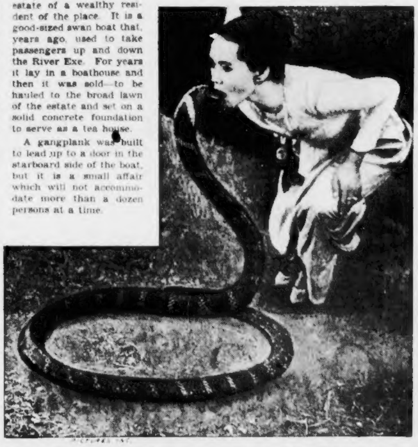
The round tower is 15 stories high and each floor has 15 rooms, all of them "outside" rooms with a fine view of the surrounding country. A modernistic spiral stairway in the center of the structure rises from the first story to the observation garden on the roof.

In Devon, England, there's something like the Belgian landlocked "ship" on the lawn of the estate of a wealthy resident of the place. It is a good-sized swan boat that, years ago, used to take passengers up and down the River Exe. For years it lay in a boathouse and then it was sold—to be hauled to the broad lawn of the estate and set on a solid concrete foundation to serve as a tea house.

A gangplank was built to lead up to a door in the starboard side of the boat, but it is a small affair which will not accommodate more than a dozen persons at a time.



The Photograph Above Shows a Newly-constructed Hotel at Ostend, Belgium, Somewhat Along the Lines of the Steamship Normandie. It is a Novel Nautical Structure and the Proprietors Expect It to Draw a Lot of Tourist Trade.



The Young Lady Shown Affectionately Caressing a 13-Foot Cobra Is Ma Hia, a Member of a Burmese Dancing Troupe, Who Climaxes Her Act by Kissing the Serpent, Which Isn't Usually Found in the Category of Pets.

Love-Unlucky Nancy Hoyt and the Bar Harbor "Vigilantes"

Bar Harbor's Pedigreed Sons and Daughters Must Remain Inside the Social Fence. Climbers and Fortune Hunters Aren't Welcomed. Actors, Actresses and Artists Must Not Mingle Socially, Nor the Romantic Tradespeople.

Latest Escapade of the Twice Divorced Heiress Reveals Extraordinary Precautions to Save Fashionable "Love-Crazy" Sons and Daughters of Aristocracy From Just Such Things as Eloping With a Beauty Shop Barber-Chauffeur

IT WAS those Bar Harbor "Vigilantes" who frustrated the elopement of society heiress Nancy Hoyt Wynne Curtis and her taxi-driver boy friend, Jimmy Baker, who is also part-time barber shop and beauty parlor technician. At least, that is the universal opinion of the "townies," as natives of little Mount Desert Island are called by the ultra-fashionable summer "rusticators." It is the duty of the Vigilantes to guard the rusticators from ill-advised romances with townies, actors, singers, artists, common tourists and other unpedigreed people.

The elopers almost escaped the Vigilantes, who barely caught them at the last possible moment, just as they were crossing over the St. Croix River bridge to Canada, locking up the barber-groom in jail overnight on the novel charge that "he looked sick and confused." But the Vigilantes stopped them, which seems to prove that this old and mysterious organization is still perhaps as efficient and powerful as when it made every minister from Mount Desert Island on the coast of Maine all the way down to Newport, Rhode Island, scorn the late Col. John Jacob Astor's $20,000 offer to anyone who would marry him to the present Mrs. Enzo Fiermonte. Also it should be remembered that a young man with that combination of trades was extra hard for the Vigilantes to spy on.

PICTURES INC.

At the End of the Chase, Nancy and Her Taxi-Driver, Jimmy Baker, Showing Their Disappointment at Their Ill-Fated Attempt to Elope.

HARRIS & EWING

Pirates, But Still Inside the Fence. Nancy and Her First Husband, Gerald W. Wynne, at a Fashionable Fancy Dress Ball.

The Vigilantes of the Wild West used to watch the local bad men, warn them to behave and, if they disobeyed, hang them to the nearest tree. The Bar Harbor organization also watches, warns, uses all its powers, as in Nancy's case, to prevent the "crime" of a wrong marriage, and then, if the misguided persons defy them, there is a social "lynching."

All the important doors of the Atlantic Coast's most exclusive summer colony are closed in somebody's face and a name disappears from the Social Register. The victim may apparently still be seen on the streets and eating three square meals as usual but it is only a ghost. Socially he or she has been hanged on his family tree until dead.

It is believed that this direful threat is what made the elopers stop, look and listen to reason when they had been halted on their way to St. Stephen, New Brunswick, Canada's Gretna Green for Maine marriers-in-haste. After a night in the jail of Bar Harbor, Mr. Baker was released, sufficiently healthy and unconfused so the couple could go anywhere they pleased, at least within the U. S. A., which contains plenty of States beyond the reach of the Vigilantes' long arm. Nobody has the right to forbid the banns for Jimmy, who has never been married and is 25 years old. Nancy has been married twice but her divorce papers are in good order and, being about 37, she needs nobody's consent.

Nancy's mother, Mrs. Henry A. Hoyt, widow of the socially-elect and wealthy lawyer, who was Solicitor-General under President Taft, has considerable control over her daughter's purse strings but the younger woman enjoys sufficient fortune in her own name for them to live happily on ever after, even if something should blight three such important industries as barbering, beautifying and taxi-driving.

Yet this ardent pair meekly returned to their mothers. Mrs. Baker, though a townie, is quite as opposed to the match as is the patrician Mrs. Hoyt. It is in his mother's beauty parlor that the talented Mr. Baker was employed, deftly clipping feminine locks and applying beauty treatments when not scooting around town in a taxi.

The Vigilantes of Bar Harbor are a secret organization supposed to be composed of only 100 fathers and mothers of the most exalted social standing but encumbered with the responsibilities of great wealth and of preventing fortune hunters and huntresses from marrying their gilded sons and daughters. But besides these stalwarts there is an unknown number of aunts, uncles and other sympathizers, to say nothing of butlers, chauffeurs, life guards, etc., suspected of being paid informers.

The townie, male or female, knows that there are enough of these watchful eyes to cover not only Bar Harbor itself but the entire island of Mount Desert, which is only twelve miles long by ten wide. The native son or daughter sees there is about one chance in a million of getting an unsanctioned romance started before it is spotted. They do not often try because they realize that it means things will be broken off or there will be one of those social "executions" for the society partner who has perpetrated the offense.

Strange as it may seem, the townies are not the ones who resent the hidden hand of the Vigilantes, but the summer visitors who are not genuine rusticators because they are not among the socially elite.

A rich New York stock broker or a Westerner who has found a few million dollars' worth of oil under his ranch, rents a fine place on the waterfront, anchors a palatial yacht in front of it and becomes furious because an invisible fence keeps his boys and girls from the offspring of the rusticators, some of whom seem not to have very much money.

Equally indignant are movie queens and kings whose fan mail convinces them that they are the salt of the earth. In Hollywood some of these young "bloods" were quite eager to meet them, yet in Bar Harbor they are strangely chilly and forgetful.

Most infuriated of all are Greenwich Village artists whose "arty and dirty" studios were invaded by these same persons now mysteriously aloof but who the previous winter apparently thought them wonderful. They do not understand that New York City has no Vigilantes, that these were slumming parties anyway, and that while most anyone will admire a strange animal in the zoo, it is a different matter when it scratches on the front door of his home to pay a social call.

In the Nancy-Jimmy case the romance blossomed unobstructed because unsuspected by the argus-eyed organization, until the day of the elopement. Even then the rebels would have reached their New Brunswick objective and been married if Mr. Baker had not asked for a copy of his birth certificate. To the questions of the clerk who issued it Jimmy's answers seemed curiously evasive and somehow the fact reached the ears of the Vigilantes. It looked to be an unimportant isolated fact until Mrs. Hoyt reported Nancy and her $20,000 car "a block long" had disappeared, chauffeur and all.

The organization, having no better clue, hooked Nancy up with Jimmy's birth certificate to see if it could lead them anywhere. It did. Mrs. Baker informed them that her son had also disappeared and she feared the worst because the heiress and her son had certainly been together a lot during the last three weeks. The Vigilantes were horrified. How could such a thing go on all that time unobserved? Were they going blind?

Investigation soon showed that it was scarcely their fault. Jimmy was harder to watch than would be a man with three good disguises. The persons whose duty it was to note how many times a society heiress rode with the same taxi-driver, had seen Nancy in Jimmy's cab but not quite often enough to warrant reporting the matter.

Others had observed that the heiress had suddenly become an immoderately good customer of Mrs. Baker's beauty parlor. That might be good evidence of heart-interest in somebody but why not of her own charmed circle where she picked her first two husbands? Nobody connected the phenomenon with the taxi-man, though it was common knowledge that he worked in the hair-cutting end of the place as barber. Not so commonly known was that he often assisted his mother in the beauty department.

The story is told that one of the most alert of the lady rusticators was there taking a beauty treatment while young Baker was talking to Nancy. Jimmy, it seems, gave this customer a nice facial while they chatted about the Government's abandoned project at Quoddy and how when all the workmen's houses were closed up, they left the electric refrigerators running all winter.

Then Jimmy blindfolded the lady in the beauty chair by wrapping her face in a hot towel, it is related, tiptoed into an adjoining compartment, handed Nancy a kiss and a long letter and made a date. This done, he tiptoed back to the other without being missed.

The date that Jimmy made was kept, too, and started the flying trip with Nancy that ended so abruptly when they were stopped at the Canadian border.

The humiliated Vigilantes had to make up for lost time and wires hummed up and down what the politicians call "the rock-ribbed coast of Maine." State police and constables were asked to watch for a certain license number. Before long word came back that the car with its three occupants, the taxi-driver promoted to the back seat, was headed for Calais and that Gretna Green, just across the bridge. Then they induced the State police to get the Canadian Immigration officials to turn the elopers back.

The arm of the Vigilantes is long and powerful to close the border against a pair that had committed no crime. Even so, they would hardly have dared to do it without the apparent consent of Jimmy's mother, whose sentiments indicated approval of what was done. She had this to say:

"They both ought to be locked up to protect themselves from each other. They are love-crazy."

The precautions to prevent actors and actresses from getting at bluebloods in Bar Harbor suggest those at the border to keep out Asiatics and are more effective. At the Building of Arts is a summer stock company that has been in operation for forty years, the oldest in the country. Its chief sponsor is Mrs. Henry F. Dimock, one of the dowager queens of Mount Desert society and widow of a steamship magnate.

The actors and actresses, all imported from New York, are forbidden to mingle with the "400" and know that if caught attempting it, they will be deported back to Manhattan.

Not all of the violations are detected, but it is very difficult to escape the restrictions placed on the performers. They are kept herded so as to be observed continually more effectively. They mass for the swimming, tennis playing and golfing, and there are always several of the Vigilantes in the offing to see the stage folk keep to themselves and contact none of the elite who might blunder within reach. Insofar as possible, because of congested accommodations for the proletariat on Mount Desert during the summer season, the actors are also segregated for eating and sleeping.

Those who seek the berths at the Building of Arts stock outfit, with an ulterior motive—that is to entangle heirs and heiresses—will meet a rude awakening after arriving at Bar Harbor. The veterans of the group will duly and forcefully impress on the rookies the value of self-restraint, amorously, as a matter of self-preservation. Once on the Building of Arts blacklist, always under the ban. An actor has about as much chance of wooing one of the society heiresses as had a gladiator to hold the hand of a Roman Emperor's daughter.

Money and fame make no difference. When Polly Lauder married Gene Tunney, he had a hard-earned million dollars and a harder-earned English accent, but even that combination did not get the former heavyweight champion into the ultra-exclusive Mount Desert social lineup, nor save her from falling out. The Lauders have an estate near the southern end of Mount Desert.

When the late Col. John Jacob Astor divorced his wife, Ava Willing Astor, in his declining years, to marry young Madeleine Force, the Vigilantes forbade it and not a minister would touch Astor's $20,000 fee until the yacht reached Newport, where a carpenter who was also part-time minister tied the knot for a mere $1,000. The Vigilantes have trouble with these part-time boys.

After Col. Astor died on the Titanic, his young widow married Billy Dick, very popular among the elite, and for his sake they tolerated her. When she divorced him and married Enzo Fiermonte, her son John Astor's boxing instructor, she may have been surprised that not a Vigilante objected to the match. They had never considered her one of them and were not interested.

Turned The Stage Into A Human Machine Shop

LONDON.

SWANK Britishers, when they spend an evening at the London Casino, expect something unusual — and they usually get it. The place is famous for the beauty and shapeliness of its showgirls who, from time to time, are schooled in some new routine for the amusement of the tailcoat and ermine trade.

The current spectacle at the Casino is a sort of human machine shop, with the chorines appearing in outfits inspired by the products of the so-called Mechanistic Era. The photographs at the right show a few of the queer get-ups that the young women wear in their nightly performance.

The girl at the left of the page is, believe it or not, representing a printing press. The contraption that serves her as an abbreviated skirt is an imitation of a cylinder and the train she trails behind her is intended to convey the idea of paper. When she steps into the spotlight the orchestra plays something which is intended to sound like the rumbling of a modern printing press.

Even love and romance take on a modernistic note in the Casino divertisement. The two dancers with the robot are, with the help of the figure with the accordion-like arms and legs, supposed to convey to the customers what love is going to be like in the year 1990.

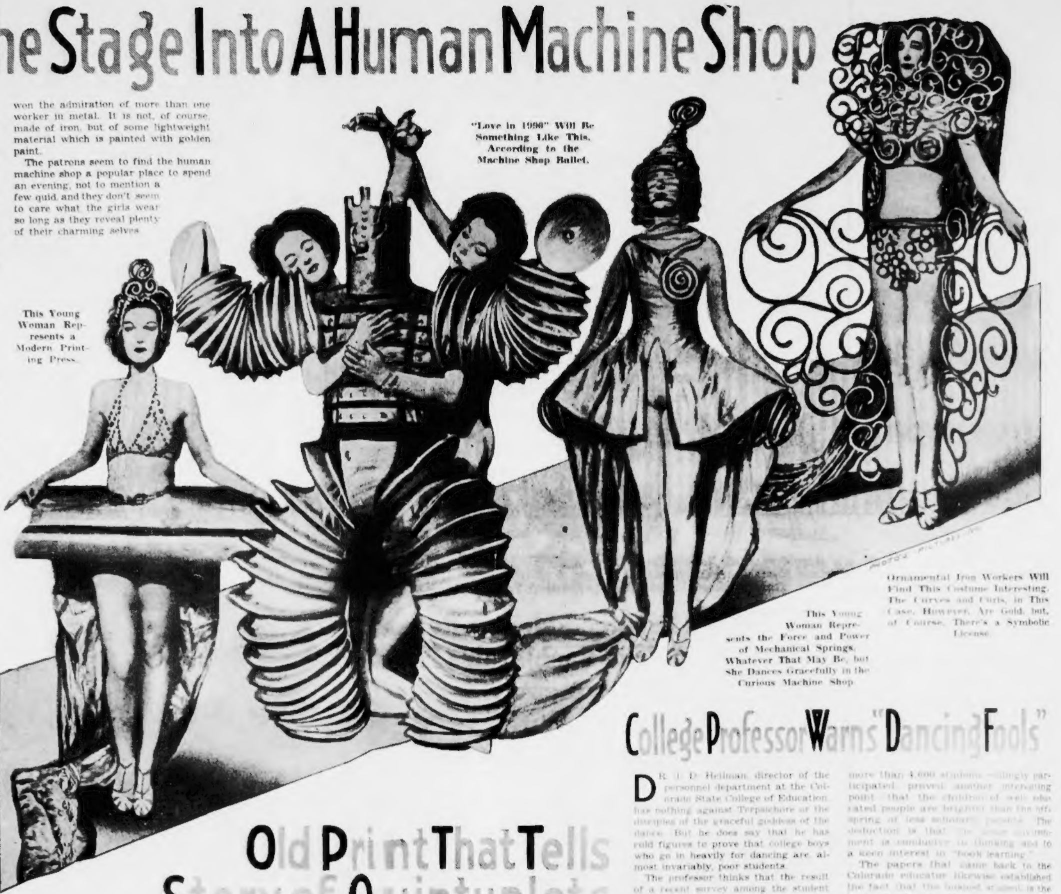
Within the curious costume is, of course, another member of the show who does not get to reveal her charms to the audience. There is little grace in the movements she goes through because robots, however efficient they may be, are supposed to be devoid of esthetic and artistic sense.

Another member of the company wears a gown which makes her the spirit of the steel spring, which is an important item in this Machine Age. Two gleaming metal coils form a sort of bustle for her trim costume which has a spiral decoration on the bodice. Her headdress follows the same interesting theme with a spiral of golden metal forming a glinting veil for her pretty face.

When she parades before the spectators the orchestra has some special music punctuated with much "twinging and twanging," as one visitor to the Casino put it. These sounds are designed to emulate the tension of springs suddenly extended and snapped back again.

The young woman at the extreme right of the page, one of the tallest and comeliest of the girls in the Casino show, is a study in wrought iron. At least, that's what the program says. Her outfit is a work of art which has won the admiration of more than one worker in metal. It is not, of course, made of iron, but of some lightweight material which is painted with golden paint.

The patrons seem to find the human machine shop a popular place to spend an evening, not to mention a few quid, and they don't seem to care what the girls wear so long as they reveal plenty of their charming selves.


PHOTOS PICTURES INC.

"Love in 1990" Will Be Something Like This, According to the Machine Shop Ballet.

This Young Woman Represents a Modern Printing Press.

This Young Woman Represents the Force and Power of Mechanical Springs, Whatever That May Be, but She Dances Gracefully in the Curious Machine Shop.

Ornamental Iron Workers Will Find This Costume Interesting. The Curves and Curls, in This Case, However, Are Gold, but, of Course, There's a Symbolic License.

Old Print That Tells Story of Quintuplets Born to Peasant Woman Back in 1566

THE celebrated Dionne girls, the only five-of-a-kind family in the world, get almost as much publicity in England and in other European countries as they do here. Newspapers print columns and columns of reading matter about their goings-on in their Canadian birthplace, what they eat at mealtime, how they spend their time outdoors, how much they weigh. Magazines run their pictures to swell the volume of information about these remarkable little girls.

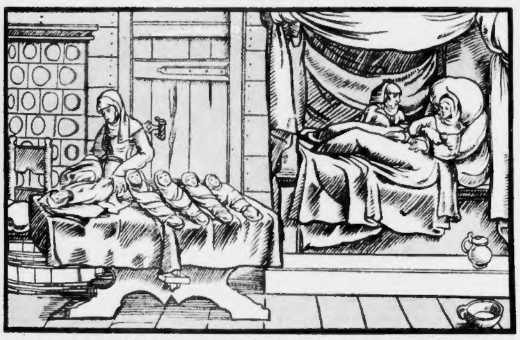
A few weeks ago a British publication called the Illustrated Weekly, ran a picture of the Dionnes and, with it, the old print shown at the right. The old-fashioned illustration attracted a great deal of attention because it is a record of the birth of quintuplets back in the year 1566.

Beneath the original picture was some text explaining that this multiple "blessed event" took place in the city of Strassbourg and that it was of such an unusual nature that an artist drew the bedroom scene which was printed and sold, much as newspapers are peddled today.

The text explained that the woman beside the mother was the midwife and that the person wrapping the babies in swaddling clothes was a "second woman," brought in because there was so much extra work to do. The writing also recorded that, one by one, the five youngsters died and that the last one passed away in less than a day after it was born.

The mother of the sixteenth century quins had no Doctor Defoe around to use modern medical and surgical skill for the benefit of her unusual family. In those days the practice of medicine was a combination of common sense and superstition. A physician depended on all sorts of black magic to bring humans into the world and to treat them when they were sick — if they lived.

The text with the old print described, in some detail, the unusual multiple birth and related that the mother had, on a previous occasion, given birth to triplets.



Curious Old Woodprint, One of the First to Illustrate a Newspaper, Appeared in a Strassbourg Pamphlet Back in 1566, and Told of the Birth of Quintuplets to a Peasant Woman.

College Professor Warns "Dancing Fools"

DR. I. D. Heilman, director of the personnel department at the Colorado State College of Education, has nothing against Terpsichore or the disciples of the graceful goddess of the dance. But he does say that he has cold figures to prove that college boys who go in heavily for dancing are almost invariably poor students.

The professor thinks that the result of a recent survey among the student bodies of 68 colleges and universities may show that there is more than a little truth in the saying: "He's a dancing fool and all his brains are in his feet."

To get the information he wanted Dr. Heilman sent questionnaires to students all over the country. He asked them, among other things, what their avocations and hobbies are — what they like to do most when they are not applying themselves to their books. He had no advance biases in the matter, but discoverèd that the young men who reported dancing as their favorite pastime were almost always well down toward the bottom of the class in scholarship.

There seems to be something about a technical interest in radio that perks up the reasoning faculties because the young men who fool around with radio sets, and who don't spend their free time stepping to the sounds that come out of the loud speakers, were tops in their studies.

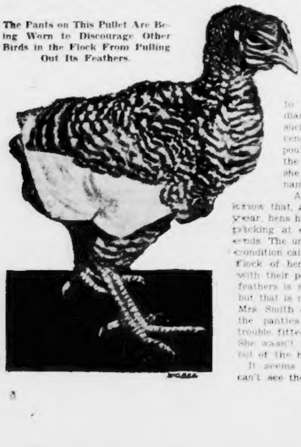
Few girls were interested in radio, as a hobby, and the good doctor was surprised that the young women who raise animals of one kind or another as an avocation are especially brilliant in the classroom.

The survey, in which more than 4,000 students willingly participated, proved another interesting point — that the children of well educated people are brighter than the offspring of less scholarly parents. The deduction is that the home environment is conducive to thinking and to a keen interest in "book learning."

The papers that came back to the Colorado educator likewise established the fact that the busiest student is the best student. Boys and girls who worked at several hobbies when they were not pursuing formal education had the best marks.

The "dancing fools" were, with few exceptions, far down in the scholastic ratings.

Panties for Hens to Prevent "Bareback"



The Pants on This Pullet Are Being Worn to Discourage Other Birds in the Flock From Pulling Out Its Feathers.

THE Barred Plymouth Rock pullet at the left is wearing what passes for a pair of pants. The bird belongs to Mrs. Corrine Smith of Walkerton, Indiana, who fitted out her entire flock in such clothes, not because her sense of decency was offended by poultry as Nature made the birds, or because she craved to get her name in the papers.

All country people know that, at certain times of year, hens have a bad habit of picking at one another's rear ends. The unsightly result is a condition called "bareback." A flock of hens running around with their posteriors devoid of feathers is not a pretty sight, but that is not the reason that Mrs. Smith designed and made the panties and, with some trouble, fitted them to her birds. She wasn't thinking of herself but of the hens.

It seems that, if the birds can't see the feathers on their sister biddies, they lose the inclination to pick. Thus the trouserettes make the birds healthier and happier as well as easier to look at.

Mrs. Smith says it isn't much trouble to make the panties. They can be cut out of cheap cotton cloth, many sets at a time, and, when the two "legs" are fastened together with a strip that goes across the back under the wings, they stay put unless a bird is especially active.

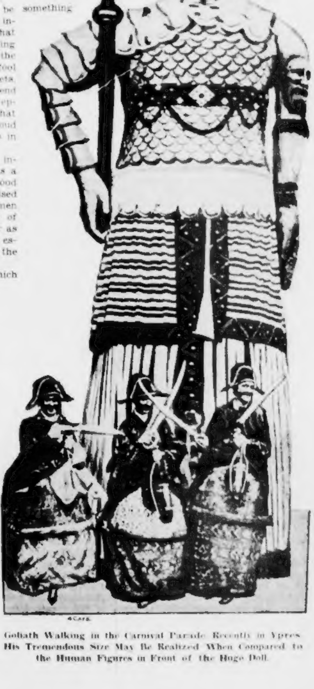
When Goliath Danced at Ypres

ONE of the biggest carnival figures ever made was recently rolled through the streets of Ypres, when the inhabitants of that Belgian community celebrated for their own amusement and the enjoyment of visitors to the place. The "statue," fashioned mostly of lightweight papier mache was supposed to represent the Biblical character Goliath — the giant that the boy David slew with a stone from his sling.

The figure was more than 20 feet high and towered over the human marchers that walked along beside its feet. Goliath was appropriately and elaborately dressed and carried a sort of war club in one huge hand. The designers of the piece saw to it that the ancient warrior was given a fierce face and an imitation coat of mail which added to his warlike mien.

The hat on the gigantic creation, which looked something like the helmets that German troops wore during the World War, recalled to many residents of Ypres — the place the British soldiers called "Wipers" — that it wasn't so many years ago that one of the bitterest battles of the war was fought in that neighborhood.

A good part of Ypres was destroyed and most of the buildings past which Goliath was borne in the parade of merrymakers were put up after the armistice. On the outskirts of the town there are still the scars of war, made almost two decades ago.



Goliath Walking in the Carnival Parade Recently in Ypres. His Tremendous Size May Be Realized When Compared to the Human Figures in Front of the Huge Doll.

Science Studying New Evidence of Life After Death

"The Reunion of the Soul and the Body on the Day of Resurrection." From the Engraving by the Great Though Eccentric English Artist, William Blake.

Remarkable Series of "Messages" Over Ten Years Disclosing Intimate Things No One but the Distinguished Psychologist Receiving Them and His Dead Wife Could Know, Puzzle Duke University Scientists by Being 90 Per Cent Correct

William Blake's Engraving of the Soul Hovering Over the Body at the Moment of Death, Wistfully Looking Down Upon All It Is Leaving Behind.

"We Brought Nothing Into This World, and It Is Certain We Can Carry Nothing Out."—The Striking Royal Academy Painting by Sigismund Goetz, Portraying the Passing Into Eternity of All Ages and Degrees of Humanity—And Science Is No Longer Sure That This Mysterious Door Opens Only Into Eternal Oblivion.

DR. JOHN F. THOMAS, of Detroit, a trained psychologist, has set forth in a book just published by the Boston Society for Psychical Research, the results of ten years of experimentation in the long-debated, not yet scientifically proven, question of the survival of personality after death and the possibility of communication between the living and the dead.

In his researches Dr. Thomas has had the assistance of the able department of psychology at Duke University, North Carolina, headed by Professor William McDougall. Using new mathematical methods, Dr. Thomas has analyzed stenographic records made at more than five hundred sittings with supposed spiritualistic "mediums." The results make him strongly suspect that information from his long-dead wife was reaching in some manner the "mediums" concerned.

Whether or not this was the source of the "messages," most of them dealing with matters presumably known only to Dr. Thomas and his wife, the psychologists at Duke University have studied and are still studying them as possible new evidence that life goes on beyond the grave. What puzzles the most doubtful is that by analyzing nearly two thousand such "communications" and eliminating some which for one reason or another could not be checked or verified, more than 90 per cent of the others were checked off by Dr. Thomas as correct.

Calculations by the Duke University scientists show that the chance of this proportion of correct statements having been merely lucky guesswork is only one out of billions. In other words, putting it as does one commentator: "Sixty-one billion, billion, billion, billion." Another explains:

"If each of the two billion inhabitants of the earth should make this experiment and the results were due to nothing but chance, and we allow twenty years to a generation, it would require 600,000 billion, billion, billion years for the results in Dr. Thomas's case to be duplicated. As the earth is not more than three billion years old, it would require a period of time 200,000 billion, billion times the age of the earth for this to happen."

No crude "materializations" or other forms of the familiar spiritualist trickery were involved, nor any scheme, familiar or otherwise, of relieving Dr. Thomas of his cash. The mediums concerned are reputable people who believe that they possess some special psychic gift, they know not what, and are perfectly willing to exercise it under any checks for scientific purposes.

What Dr. Thomas did was to have a series of these "psychics" examined on his behalf, often without them knowing who was making the inquiry, and many times when Dr. Thomas was not present. What these "mediums" said, supposedly as messages coming in part from beyond life's frontier, was taken down accurately by stenographers. Later on, the Detroit psychologist analyzed these records, selecting from them as many definite items as might be verifiable. The medium might mention, for example, a day when Dr. Thomas and his dead wife, supposed to be making the communications, had gone on an excursion. Details of means of transport, the purpose of the trip, incidental happenings along the way and so on might be reported by the medium and recorded. Each such detail then became one of Dr. Thomas's "points" to be noted individually, investigated and later to be set down as either right or wrong.

Some of the most remarkable, and the most puzzling "evidence" in Dr. Thomas's report follows.

Mrs. Thomas had owned a long and unusual necklace. An English "psychic," a Mrs. Leonard, at a sitting some 4,000 miles away from Detroit, where Mrs. Thomas had made her home, described this necklace accurately.

Dr. Thomas himself was not present at this experiment, his English secretary transcribing the things the medium said while in her trance. "Did she wear a rather long necklace?" the medium asked. The English secretary, who had no idea whether Mrs. Thomas had ever owned a necklace of that sort, didn't answer, and the medium continued: "It isn't pearls and it isn't diamonds. It is something light colored, more like pearly colored but as if it was cut out of pieces of stone. It was cut out and made very smooth, like a nice smooth shiny surface, what you would call a kind of ivory color, not dead white, but a sort of creamy white and they were strung on a string, a sort of thread all together and not quite regular in size and shape. It wasn't a very common necklace."

Another medium later told Dr. Thomas that these beads were buried with his wife, and still another told him they came from Italy.

Actually, Jerome Thomas, her younger son, brought her a string of polished, ivory colored beads from Italy. The beads were irregular in size and shape, and the strand was exceptionally long. It was an uncommon bit of jewelry and it was buried with her.

On another occasion Thomas visited Mrs. Leonard in person and she described to him, with considerable accuracy, a cottage in which he and Mrs. Thomas had lived at Bloomfield, Mich. It had happened that when the cottage was finished, something went wrong with the pump that drew water from the well, and for several weeks, due to the bungling of inexpert plumbers, and the breakage of a piece that had to be sent away for, the couple were dependent upon neighbors for their drinking water. The following is quoted from the stenographic record of Mrs. Leonard's "trance" talk:

"And something to do with the water was difficult, too. I get a feeling I want to conduct something, get something in and out properly. No, that is not quite right, she says. Making something work properly and it was not easy to do. Why was it difficult, more or less, waiting for things, being held up? Being held up for material?"

The contractor who built this cottage made several botches of the job, and had to tear down part of a foundation wall to rectify them. He also neglected to allow openings through the foundation walls for ventilation, and had to break through the walls to provide these later. Mrs. Leonard told Dr. Thomas:

"Did she want some of the walls knocked down out of this place? Because she is doing such funny things to this room. She is walking over there and pretending to push it, push the wall like as if she is trying to partly demolish it. She says she thinks you will remember that."

One of the most unusual and direct answers Dr. Thomas ever received from a medium concerned the names of people close to him. His older son is named John, but was called Jack in the family. The following is a quotation from that record:

"She thought of another name that she used to know well that was beginning with J but wasn't Jim." (Thomas interrupted at this point and revealed he had a son named Jerry) "I don't think it is. I think it is another. Wait a minute. No, it can't be because it sounds a different letter. It is J that it starts with but not Jim, Joe? No, this one can't be Jerry because this one starts with the sound of Jack John." (The name of Dr. Thomas's older son is John, and he was always called Jack by most members of the family) "Jack, but there was a funny name she was trying to give me beginning with S. Sonny?" (Sonny was John's grandmother's nickname for him.) After rambling a bit the medium then mentioned the name "Bunny." (Jerry Thomas had been nicknamed Buddy and a small girl in the neighborhood where they had lived, unable to say Buddy, had called him Bunny.) "That is what she is wanting," the medium went on, without any interruption from Dr. Thomas. "It sounded awfully like Bunny or Buddy." Dr. Thomas then broke in to suggest: "Ask her if it is an N or D?" The medium replied promptly: "She says Buddy, of course, she doesn't like Bunny."

On another occasion Dr. Thomas, about to leave England, was not certain he had sufficient money for the trip and was wondering whether to draw a check on his Detroit bank in London or to chance it and wait until he reached Boston. When he went to Mrs. Leonard, she told him:

"What about drawing money? Not leaving it too long? Not quite sure? Well, to do that better take money out as you want it, not quite sure and then not quite what to do. Not know whether you will have enough." Dr. Thomas said that this quandary was known to him alone.

On another occasion, when Dr. Thomas was in this country and his English secretary, who knows little or nothing about him, was recording a seance with Mrs. Leonard, he was in a class conducted by Professor McDougall, but was forced to drop out of the class for a short time. He later resumed this class.

On the day before he dropped his study with Prof. McDougall, Mrs. Leonard told his secretary the following:

"About M—M—M—I will get it in a minute. It is a name, Mere—MakMacawber. It is an awkward name and it begins with an M. A name like McKenzie, but it isn't McKenzie, but it begins like that and is just about as long. That's why it sounds like—McDougall. It is either McDougall or McDougalas. Say that, because the matter should be dropped for a time. Have you got that, she says? The matter had to be dropped for a time. Something is coming up about it now."

Another apparently remarkable revelation concerned a ball game. Mrs. Leonard, who often phrased her conversation in the form of questions, which, of course, were not answered, and which she didn't expect to have answered, asked Dr. Thomas's secretary: "Does Mr. Buddy (this was the name she always used for Dr. Thomas) play ball? Mrs. Buddy is throwing up a ball and tossing a ball and throwing a ball along the ground. It is something she saw him doing and she is laughing. Oh, wait a bit, wait a bit, we have got it wrong. We have got that all wrong. I thought she meant he had been doing it but no, she is trying to remind him of something they did together, something she liked doing, and she is throwing a ball up and playing with it, and then throwing it along the ground.

"Where this took place there were very funny trees, straight and tall and what you call hungry looking trees. They were tall, awfully tall but not what you would call bushy, and she says the word track. I don't know what the word means but she keeps saying near track—track—near track."

Dr. Thomas revealed later that at only one time in their lives did he and his wife become interested in baseball and that was in Hastings, Michigan, in 1908. The town had a ball team and they used to go to the games which were held on the fairgrounds, near a race track, and the ball diamond was surrounded by a grove of tall, ungainly elms which, struggling against each other for the available sunlight had grown tall, but had few branches or leaves except near the top. "Hungry looking aptly described them," Dr. Thomas says.

There is a rather unusual looking railroad bridge over the St. Joseph River at South Bend, Indiana, where the Thomases lived for some time. The most striking feature about it is that the bridge is unusually high, in comparison to its length. A medium once told Dr. Thomas's secretary:

"What is that then? Is it a very high bridge? She is showing me a picture of a very high bridge. A very, very tall high bridge that seems to go from one very tall high bank to another (it connects a high knoll which carries the railroad track across some lowlands to a high bank on the other side). She is thinking of this place and it is a place they both were at on the earth and something has happened there lately and I saw a very funny thing, as if something or someone were falling over the top of the bridge right down into this deep below. He would be killed."

Dr. Thomas was not aware of it at the time, but he learned that only a short time before a workman had fallen from the bridge and was killed. The bridge, he says, is so unusual that he had little trouble in identifying it immediately.

Sometimes the mediums told Dr. Thomas, or others who sat for him, things that were jokes between himself and his wife and which he is certain no one else could have knowledge of. Such a revelation was one concerning a coat he had made a number of years ago. The garment was made by a Jewish tailor and was very long and of rather grotesque cut. When Dr. Thomas protested about it the tailor declared the coat was "good enough for a rabbi," and the "Rabbi Coat" became a stock joke in the family.

Speaking to an acquaintance of Dr. Thomas, who had never known his wife, and knew him only slightly, but was interested in psychic research, Mrs. Leonard said:

"What did she say about his coats, the lady used to tease him about the shape and cut of his coats. Before she passed over he had a coat she did not quite like and she talked about this coat quite a lot. The reason she is giving him this today is because she was with him only a little time ago and he was thinking of that very coat."

Dr. Thomas said he had been talking about the coat, and laughing about it, with his son only a few days before this interview, some 4,000 miles away, occurred.

On another occasion Dr. Thomas decided to have a baptismal font placed in the church they had attended, as a memorial to his wife. About this time another medium said:

"Has he been, I think, in the last two or three months, doing something in her name? It wasn't a gravestone but it was something she's very pleased about. And though it isn't a gravestone it is an important thing to her memory, and it is something that will last and live in people's memory."

One unusually accurate description given by an English medium, never in America, of a place where Dr. Thomas and his wife lived, follows:

"Where there was a great big sheet of water around the land (they had lived on Lake Huron) there are boats on it and I see some buildings, rather light colored buildings, near the banks of the lake. (A club-

(Continued on Page 22)

Odd Fears About Ancient Egypt's Relics

SUPERSTITION dies hard and in some instances never dies. Some superstitions have a reason, for their existence is deeply buried in the remote past. Refusing to make the thirteenth at table has of course the "Last Supper" as its origin when Judas Iscariot made the thirteenth. For the same reason it is unlucky to leave the table during a meal because Iscariot did. To turn back when one has started on an errand is considered unlucky because of the traditional end of Lot's wife.

But can anyone account for the belief that it is unlucky to meet a red-haired woman when going to work? Or why is it unlucky to stir your tea anti-clockwise?

Of course, superstitious folks will seldom admit that they are, and will make all sorts of excuses for their actions. One of the most widely cherished superstitions, and for which no apparent reason can be given, is the belief that articles from Egyptian tombs are sure to entail misfortune on those having them in their possession. And so nervous are the subscribers of this belief that they will try to get rid of the object without giving it to another individual.

A curious example of this attempt to get rid of an Egyptian relic occurred recently in England.

Britain has suffered this year from an exceptionally heavy rainfall. Her swollen rivers have frequently overflowed their banks and many and various have been the finds of unusual objects. Perhaps the most curious was the discovery made by a lock keeper employed by the Thames Conservancy on the upper reaches of the river.

While patrolling the river bank between Henley, the scene of the world's most brilliant annual regatta, and Wargrave in Berkshire at Marsh Lock, he saw a boxlike object floating on the surface. When he had secured the object, he found it to be an oaken box with a glass top. Through the mud on the glass could be discerned the shriveled hand of a human being, a scrap of paper and an object something like the stone out of a brooch.

The police, to whom all such finds are first handed, sent it to the county town of Reading, where it was examined and the lid pried open by the curator of the borough museum. Resting on a piece of red plush was a brown and shriveled human hand and by its side a scarab or sacred beetle of Egyptian origin engraved with the symbol of Thoth, the scribe of the gods, and resembling a dog headed baboon standing in a boat in which souls were conveyed across the river to the paradise of the deities.

When the Lid Was Pried Open a Brown and Shriveled Hand Was Revealed on the Red Plush Cushion. Beside It Was a Scarab Engraved With the Symbol of Thoth.

Beneath the plush lining was an undated note written on paper bearing the address "Fawnhope Court, Hereford." It read: "A royal Egyptian hand, described by the Egyptologist of the British Museum as being a good specimen of a princess's hand of the second dynasty about 10,000 to 12,000 years B. C. Originally the hand was probably embalmed in the sarcophagus with the rest of the body and cut off about 100 years ago, and for a while roughly preserved before being mounted by being dipped in a preparation of tar."

Fawnhope Court, now called Fownhope Court, is many miles distant from Henley. It is inhabited by a member of the Lechmere family, and about 200 years ago a member of the family went to live near Henley. He, in common with many members of the family, travelled extensively in the near and far East. No living member of the family had ever seen the box. The Lechmere family have a fine collection of Oriental curiosities and are not the least bit superstitious, so the explanation of both police and museum authorities must hold good, that the relic had been taken by someone many years since and they or their descendants had become alarmed and fearing that misfortune would attend its possession dumped it in the Thames.

A less romantic method of disposing of Egyptian relics and the most popular in England, is to send them to the British Museum. Let an archaeologist of greater or less repute, die, and a reference to the supposed bad luck attached to the possession of relics from Egyptian tombs appear in print, and a flood of Egyptian curios descends on the department.

Usually they come with a brief note unsigned and saying that the owner has no room for them or wishes to find a good home for them and not infrequently they are sent without any message at all.

They are chiefly scarabs or sacred beetles, and amulets charms worn to ward off evil spirits. Very few are of any value. For the most part they are forgeries of very modern manufacture which are sold to unsuspecting travellers in the land of the Pharaohs. A few are genuine, and these are carefully preserved and given to other museums which may not be in possesion of similar specimens. The forgeries find their way to the furnace.

Neither at the British Museum nor at the Egypt Exploration Society headquarters can any explanation be found of the current belief in the ill-luck attaching to Egyptian archeological curios. "It has about as much reason as the superstition that if you break one article you must break three," said a curator in the British Museum. "Perhaps the fact that most travellers in Egypt suffer from the climate and contract fevers or suffer from insect bites may be proof to some minds of the ill luck to which some are subjected." It is true that Lord Carnarvon died soon after his researches at Tutankhamen's tomb. "But then he had been an invalid for years before," said an official of the Exploration Society. "And on the other hand Howard Carfer is still going strong and Sir Flinders Petrie is still digging and excavating tombs after having been engaged in the work for over sixty years."

Why You Can't Help Violating The Law Every Day

IT is almost impossible for any man or woman to spend an active day in the United States without violating a law. Every man, woman and child in the country could be sent to jail or fined if the prosecutors of the country held strictly to the letter of the unwieldy tangle of laws and ordinances that crowd the statute books nowadays.

William A. Goldman, Assistant District Attorney of New York City, who has made a study of the strange laws and ordinances that are printed in the statute books that line the shelves of law libraries told The American Weekly that there are more than 10,000,000 laws and ordinances enacted by Federal, State and municipal governments and still in force at the present time and these are being increased at the rate of 200,000 every year. The legislators who make the laws seldom bother to repeal them, even though they may long have outlived their usefulness, or may have been foolish ones in the first place.

Here are some queer laws that are still in force in various States of the country:

You can be sent to jail in Oklahoma if you fish for whales in any of the State's lakes or streams.

Shop keepers can be arrested for exhibiting wax figures in New York on Sunday.

Horse stealing still is a capital offense in New York, and the thief can be sent to the electric chair.

In Collingswood, N. J., dogs are forbidden by law to bark between the hours of 8 p. m. and 6 a. m.

In Nevada it is against the law to drive a camel on a public highway.

A New York State law forbids anyone to kill a rabbit or bird in a cemetery.

It is against the law for anyone to roll a hoop in the city limits of Triadelphia, West Virginia.

You can't blindfold a cow on a public highway in Arkansas.

In Clinton, Conn., no persons "shall allow their chickens, cattle or tigers to be led by chains" along the street.

The sale of gems after sundown is forbidden by an old New York law.

In Denver you can be arrested if, while riding a bicycle, you raise your feet higher than the front wheel.

In New Mexico it is unlawful to fish in any lake less than ten square miles in area.

In Idaho you can't fish for trout from the back of any animal.

In the same State it is against the law to shoot any game bird or animal from an interurban trolley.

You can't play dominoes on Sunday in Alabama.

It is illegal to disturb a grizzly bear in Alaska to take his picture.

In Oregon it is against the law to provide sheets less than nine feet long in all hotels and lodging houses. People guilty of violations of this act are liable to a $50 fine.

In Virginia any citizen who misses church for more than three consecutive Sundays can be put to death if the prosecutors succeed in enforcing a law still on the statute books.

In West Virginia it is against the law to sneeze on Sunday.

There is a law in Tennessee which says that any driver of an automobile must "give ten days notice of his intention to drive along any road by tacking up notices to the side of the road."

If you bet a five cent cigar on the outcome of a prize fight in Kentucky you can be fined $100 for gambling. But there is no law against bigamy in this same State.

In Tennessee it is unlawful for "the keeper or owner of cattle, sheep, mules or hogs to run at large."

If you open a package of cigarettes without breaking the revenue stamp the G-Men can get you and try to send you to jail for six months.

North Carolina demands, by law, that there be at least two feet between twin beds in hotel rooms.

In Pennsylvania there is a law regulating bakeries which provides that "no domestic pets or other animals shall be permitted in any bakery." But in New York State the law reads that "no domestic animals except cats" shall be allowed to remain in any bakery.

Under the statutes of Oregon and Washington it is unlawful for automobile manufacturers to advertise that their cars can go faster than the State speed law allows.

A law of South Dakota forbids immoral women to operate in a prairie schooner.

If you put salt on a railroad track in Alabama you can be arrested. This isn't as silly as it sounds because salt lures cattle to the tracks.

Missouri has a law that can send you to jail if you put soap on a railroad track.

If You Should Go Fishing for Whales in Any of Oklahoma's Lakes and Don't Get Locked Up on a Lunacy Charge, You're Still Violating the Law.

Georgia has a law that makes it unlawful for a dentist to be cruel.

Louisiana has a law that says no woman shall wear a hatpin that extends more than half an inch from any side of the crown, unless she puts some sort of a guard over the point.

Massachusetts has a law designed to protect a native wild-flower which declares that anyone guilty of injuring the plant shall be fined fifty dollars, but if he does it at night or while in disguise he can be fined $100.

North Dakota law prohibits dancing the "hootchie-kootchie."

New Mexico has a law making it illegal to equip any vehicle with a horn or whistle that has an inharmonious sound.

Florida has a law that forbids you to hire away the neighbor's cook.

A Maine law prohibits the wearing of spiked shoes in public.

In North Dakota it is a crime to swear into the telephone.

A western State has a law that if two freight trains meet at a crossing both shall stop and neither shall proceed until the other has gone ahead.

It is against the law in Maryland to knock a freight car off the tracks.

According to New York's criminal code man is not an animal but every other living creature is "including gamecocks."

It is a misdemeanor in New York to let your horse run on the highway and you must walk him past hospitals—even though a traffic cop may hand you a ticket for blocking traffic.

In Los Angeles a judge ruled that a motorist, irritated by the honking of another car's horn behind him, had a right to thumb his nose at the offender.

Philadelphia police are satisfied you are sober if you can say "Susie Sat in Soup."

In Knoxville, Tennessee, you can be fined $50 if caught whistling old songs on the street.

It is against the law to pawn or raffle the United States flag in New York.

It is unlawful for a foreigner to own a dog in West Virginia.

You can't serenade wedding parties with a cannon in Pennsylvania.

A number of States have laws that stipulate that men and women who are on a jury must be separated when any case forces them to retire for the night.

Cat Naps Instead Of Long Sleep May Add To Life

SCIENCE may soon give people at least ten more years of life without adding a day to their allotted span of years. This startling promise can be realized, according to Professor Lina Stern of the Physiological Institute of Russia's Department of Education, by substituting "cat naps" for the normal ration of sleep.

It now appears that four or five naps of an hour's duration apiece during the 24-hour day are as good as, if not better than, a normal eight-hour sleep. The reason for this is that the greatest benefits of sleep take place during the first hour. By means of short naps at intervals during the day and night, more efficient, "functional" sleep is attained.

If the needed rest can be had in fewer hours, more hours are gained to devote to amusements and study after the day's work is over. At present, fully a third of a person's life is spent in sleep, without including the time it takes to go to bed and wake up properly after getting up.

So efficient are short naps declared to be that they are no handicap to creative thinking, and may, as a matter of fact, help it along. The late Thomas A. Edison, for instance, had a habit of getting along on less sleep than most people think they need, but he took frequent naps. Sleep, according to Professor Stern, is just a biological habit, good only if not carried too far. The institution of a single lengthy sleep may merely go back to the fact that before the use of artificial light there wasn't anything to do at night except sleep. But now that there are as many things to do by night as by day, no reason remains to cling to the time-wasting habit of sleeping in one long stretch.

It is just as if one were to eat a single meal to last 24 hours. While this no doubt could be done, it is more efficient to eat the day's total supply, part at a time, after the customary intervals.

In the problem of nutrition, says the Russian scientist, attention is paid not only to the amount of food, but also to its quality, especially in relation to such personal factors as the kind of work one does, one's sex, and one's age.

In the past, no such attitude has been held toward sleep; some people gorge themselves on it, and others get only low-grade sleep. It may be that "sleep diets" will now also be studied and prescribed.

The relationship between sleep and food is more real than apparent in a number of ways. "For instance," reports the scientist, "the injection of a small quantity of calcium salts in the cerebral ventricles may cause a strong lowering of tonus in the animal, a depressed general condition strongly resembling a condition of sleep. On the other hand, the injection of a minimum quantity of potassium salts under the same condition causes a strong excitation, more or less prolonged, which may even lead to the death of the animal." That is, certain chemicals inhibit or irritate the nerves, drugging them to sleep or exciting them to life.

This led the professor to the conclusion that "the functional condition of the central nervous system is intimately associated with the composition of the nourishing fluid which bathes it, that is, the cerebro-spinal." His chemical analysis, in other words, suggested that sleep is usually caused by an accumulation of certain chemicals in the fluid which bathes the spinal cord and the brain. These chemicals are thrown off most rapidly during the first hour or two of sleep. Thus it is that a few short naps can do more good than a long slumber.

Topsy-Turvy Ethiopian Morals Floor Conquerors

ETHIOPIA, which Samuel Johnson once described as the "happy valley," has since been proven to be a land of dirt, ignorance, and misery. But one thing for which civilized people might envy its natives is the candid way they treat the facts of life. Yet this very directness is an outstanding problem facing the Italian conquerors in Ethiopia today. They will have to teach the natives new fashions of dress. At present in some tribes the woman modestly covers up her legs and leaves her torso nude.

"Clothes make the man," it is said, and perhaps it is true that the clothes one wears determine one's morals. But once those morals are established as a matter of custom, it is not enough to change the clothes. The conquerors will also have to change the family customs, which at present are little short of startling to outsiders. For instance, the married woman has the right to commit indiscretions with her husband's relatives. This old Ethiopian usage is still popular among the natives, and it is difficult to tell who will cling to it the most, the relatives or the wives.

In a thousand ways the woman has the social advantage over the men in Ethiopia. Not only are the sexes given equality before the law, but the women actually have the upper hand. The situation is reversed to such an extreme, however, that in some tribes even the "working men" are women. In Axum, for example, nobody works except the women. The men gossip in the market place.

It is curious that in this "woman's world" which is Ethiopia, "free marriage" is more popular than in lands where things are run by the men, such as in Italy itself. A native of fantastic Ethiopia may get as many as 15 or 20 divorces in a lifetime. A typical excuse for getting divorced from the husband is his failure to pay the wife's bills. The man, however, may divorce his wife if he doesn't like her cooking.

But in practice, "free marriage" applies only to the rich. Just like American divorces, parting the ways in Ethiopia is an expensive proposition. The reason for this among these primitive people, however, may explain the natural origin of the special privilege which the rich seem to have to get divorced as often as they please. The theory among the Africans is that the rich natives can support a large number of children. It follows that they can afford a succession of wives, whereas the poor have enough with one.

In Axum, the Women's Privileges Transcend Those of Man to the Absurd Degree That the Women Do All the Work, While the Men Sit Around All Day and Gossip.

The way that these southern neighbors of Egypt get a divorce would not stump an American for a minute, but in the impoverished hills of Ethiopia the penalty of a couple of cows is more severe than a $10,000 decree is in this country.

The secret is the same, for in both instances the great fear in getting a divorce is the problem of alimony. True, the alimony consists of the present the husband received from the girl's father when he married her, but he can no longer pay it back if he is poor because the law says he must return the dowry in as good condition as he received it. This means that, if the dowry was a cow, he has to return a cow of the same color, strength and age as the one which he received.

Marriage is early and arranged by the fathers when the daughter is ten years old and the son is eighteen. In addition to the girl, the groom gets perhaps a cow, a mule, a few goats, some sheep and chickens.

The common law marriage is nothing but an agreement recorded by the scribe. It is about as free as engagements are in this country. But there is a religious marriage which even the rich can't get out of.

The natives, whether Tigraeans, Shoans, Gallas, or Amharas, have for centuries preferred the free agreement to a church ceremony. It was more convenient to sign a private contract before a few witnesses in the name of the great Menelik, father of the Ethiopian empire.

There seemed little sense in troubling the Coptic priest in the octagonal village church. Not merely does the Coptic church frown upon divorce, it practically forbids dissolution of the marriage contract and does everything in its power to prevent this. But the attitude of the church did not have the effect it was supposed to have. The natives, with their simple and direct way of looking at things, decided that there was no sense getting into something they couldn't get out of.

Under the common law marriage, the girl goes to the house of her future husband without a chaperone. This is all right because she must not see her husband but remains in the new "tukul" or hut until he is free to join her.

The groom is tied up, for a period of about three days, in being polite at a party celebrating his marriage. All his friends eat, drink and are merry. But the groom must show his manners by sitting completely motionless and watching the festivities.

When the husband goes to his new bride, he keeps her a prisoner in his hut for as long as he pleases. But as soon as he goes out, she has all kinds of privileges that weren't hers before. With her first marriage, the girl becomes the man's equal, and stays that way. Still, if she doesn't provide enough children or doesn't work hard enough, that is provocation for divorce.

If a man is too poor to be able to afford a divorce, he can, of course, desert his wife. But then he is thrown into an underground prison or hung in front of the chief's filthy castle. In short, in default of paying his alimony, he loses his life or his liberty. His wife, however, may take the dower "as is" and walk out on her husband at any time. She is free to do this and nobody can interfere.

20,000,000 Prowling Cats Menace U.S. Birds

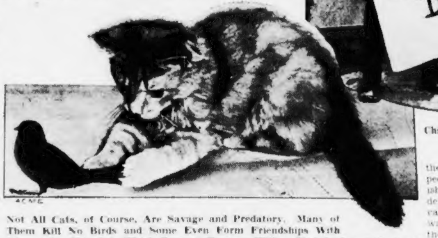
According to Official Statistics, the Bag of the Average Cat Is 50 Birds in Its Lifetime—This Includes the Far Greater Number That the Stray Cat Kills and the Much Smaller Number That the Ordinary Well-Fed, Well-Behaved Cat Will Destroy.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission Calls Attention to an Alarming Increase in Abandoned Pets ---And the Auto Trailer Gets a Good Part of the Blame

"Flagrante Delicto," as the Law Books Put It, or, in Other Words, "Caught With the Goods." A Typical Stray Cat and Fledgling It Has Killed. (Photo by the Pennsylvania Game Commission).

Trailer Camps Throughout the Country From Which Pet Cats Stray or Are Deliberately Abandoned Furnish an Unexpected Reason for the Increase of the Destructive Ownerless Animals.

Children Rounding Up Stray Cats in a Campaign to Rid the Neighborhood of Them.



Not All Cats, of Course, Are Savage and Predatory. Many of Them Kill No Birds and Some Even Form Friendships With Them Like This Cat, Which Became Chummy With a Bird Orphaned During a Storm and Has Lived in Friendship With It for Several Years.

THERE are at the present time about 20,000,000 predatory and tramp cats in the United States, taking a daily toll of birds and other wild life, according to Leo A. Luttringer, Jr., chief of the education division of the Pennsylvania Game Commission. And according to experts who have been studying this problem, perhaps the biggest factor in the alarming increase in the number of stray cats is the growing popularity of the automobile trailer.

So great has this menace become in Pennsylvania that the Game Commission brought it to the attention of the Governor, who took it up with the Legislature, and not long ago a new law was passed imposing a $25 fine on anybody who gets caught turning a cat or kitten loose on the highway, or anywhere else in the State.

In a recent survey it was estimated that a cat kills an average of fifty birds every year. This, of course, does not mean that every cat kills that many birds, but some cats, and especially stray cats, kill many more than this. If this estimate is correct, it means that 1,000,000,000 insect-destroying, feathered friends of the farmer and the gardener, are killed each year.

The Pennsylvania Game Commission calls these homeless cats "tramp cats." But R. I. Pough, head of the Persecuted Species Department of the National Association of Audubon Societies, says:

"There is practically no such thing as a tramp cat. Nearly every cat works from a man-supplied base. That is the trouble. If cats were on their own, they would not be nearly the problem they are now—the foxes, owls and other natural enemies would take care of them. The trouble is that a predatory cat—and all cats are predatory—can hole in on a farm or elsewhere and make his forays from there. The cat does not take the sporting chance that other wild animals do but relies on man's protection.

"Every farm family has from four to a dozen cats. If we figure at least 3,000,000 such families, the estimate of 20,000,000 predatory cats is not high."

As this estimate includes only farm families, it is obvious that, if correct, many more millions of cats in the suburban sections throughout the United States must kill many more birds.

Some idea of the number of stray cats in a city can be gotten when it is learned that the New York S. P. C. A. alone painlessly destroys about 190,000 stray cats a year. The Morris Refuge in Philadelphia, which cares for homeless small animals, either found homes for or destroyed humanely last year 58,717 little creatures, of which 7,599 were dogs and about 50,000 were cats. In one day in July, last year, 395 animals, mostly cats, were brought into the Refuge.

It might be thought that a litter of kittens turned loose by a trailer would not have much chance to survive. But the supporters of the new Pennsylvania law against abandonment of cats pointed out that people, as a rule, are not quite cruel enough to leave the kittens while they are still blind and helpless. At any rate, these little families of "wild cats" do grow up into destructive strays, it is asserted.

Nor are all stray cats deliberately abandoned by the trailers, it is pointed out. The cat might have been taking a stroll when the camp was broken up and when it came back it was to find its home gone.

Obviously the old adage about the cat always coming back couldn't apply very well to a trailer, which is continually on the move, but there's not much truth in it under any circumstances. Dogs have been known to travel on foot a thousand miles or more through the worst kind of wilderness to get back to their masters, but about the best a cat will do is twenty miles on a good road, and it usually won't take the trouble to do that. The reason is that cats are not so dependent upon any particular family, as dogs are.

In fact, the Pennsylvania Game Commission has finally come to the conclusion that mankind's long and noble effort to make home-folks out of Tommy and Tabby hasn't been wholly successful. Cats, says the commission, have been exposed to civilization for 6,000 years but it hasn't done much to improve their manners or their morals—they still have the killer instinct, and they always will because they have inherited it from their remote ancestors, along with their cousins, the leopards, the lions and the tigers.

But all cats are not savage and predatory, of course. Instead of killing birds, a cat will sometimes become friendly with them—as did the cat shown in one of the photographs on this page. Finding a helpless little bird that had been made an orphan by a storm, this cat took it home for a pal and they have been buddies for several years. It is only when a cat has been abandoned and has to shift for itself by prowling through the woods and fields that it reverts to type and becomes a merciless killer.

The $25 fine for turning a cat loose in Pennsylvania won't come anywhere near paying for the damage one lean and hungry stray can do in a year, let alone its traditional nine lifetimes.

Just suppose, for example, that a cat specializes in woodpeckers, which are worth $20 each to the country, considering the trees they save by pecking out destructive bugs and worms. By killing fifty woodpeckers a year, such a cat would be doing $1,000 worth of harm each season, and if it had six active years, as is usually the case with strays, its total damage would be $6,000, which is a lot more than most trailer dwellers could ever pay back for turning a cat loose.

Of course no cats would concentrate on the extra-valuable woodpecker but it should be remembered that the country cats kill many times the average of fifty birds because allowance is made for city strays, which seldom have a chance to kill anything but an occasional sparrow or sick pigeon.

Stray cats sometimes suffer from diphtheria, and if they wander as they please, they can infect human beings with it. They spread tuberculosis this same way, and the germs of anthrax, scarlet fever and a number of other diseases are carried around in their fur.

So the Pennsylvania authorities are going to do everything they can to rid the State of vagabond cats, but they want the people who cherish cats to understand that this campaign in no way threatens their pets—only homeless, half-starved, marauding strays.

Friends of the cat point out that it does man a great service by killing rats and mice, and in this way perhaps prevents the spreading of bubonic plague which is carried by these rodents. But writing in the Pennsylvania Game News, Mr. Charles F. Stambaugh says: "Even on the farm, the value of the cat in destroying rats and mice is questionable, when one considers the countless hundreds of insects that might have been killed, had not the cat taken its heavy toll of insect-eating birds."

In ancient Egypt cats were once worshipped as sacred, and to this day there are many people who are so much attached to them they simply cannot understand why everyone doesn't feel the same way, and often become quite irritated with those who don't. But the late Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell, who was one of the most famous physicians this country has ever produced, has pointed out that some people suffer from a strange infirmity which he calls "cat fear," and which causes them to become violently ill whenever a cat comes close to them.

Dr. Mitchell studied a number of patients who had "goose-flesh" and whose hair had a tendency to stand on end the moment a cat got anywhere near them. Others would become nauseated and sometimes have chills and hysterical convulsions, or their jaws would become locked and their arms rigid. Still others would become temporarily blind. But in every case they would get well just as soon as they were out of the presence of the cat.

While suffering from an attack, the patients were seldom conscious of the odor of the cat, but Dr. Mitchell finally decided that what causes these mysterious reactions is an emanation, or a faint odor, which comes from cats. Just as there are some sounds that are so low the human ear cannot hear them, this faint cat odor may be too delicate for the nose to detect. Yet when it strikes the sensitive nasal membranes of persons who are susceptible to it, the whole nervous system is upset.

A modern physician might explain this by saying the patients are "allergic" to the odor of cats, just as people who suffer from hay fever are allergic to pollen and various other tiny particles of matter, or vapors, floating through the air. But that just means that the undetected cat odor makes them sick.

It might be simply a physical reaction, as in the case of hay fever or asthma, or it might be that the sensation caused in the nose by this faint odor stirs up memories of some occasion in childhood when the patient was badly frightened by a cat. Then again it might be that it revives some deep racial memory that dates back to the days when man's ancestors lived in constant terror of the sabre-toothed tiger and big man-eating members of the cat family.

But whatever the original cause of "cat fear," if the undetected odor of a cat can arouse such violent reactions, it is no wonder that cats have been hated in various countries as demons, and have long been associated with black magic, witchcraft and sorcery.

The universal saying that a cat has nine lives harks back to the good old days when kitty had her first adventure in religion on the banks of the Nile. Among the most important of the ancient Egyptian deities was the great goddess Bast, usually represented with a cat's head and surrounded with sacred kittens. But the Egyptians had three different companies of nine gods each, all of them supposed to be quite fond of cats. So it was believed that with the protection and love of the gods a cat had nine times as many safeguards as had a human life.

Cambyses, the son of Cyrus the Great of Persia, once took a mighty mean advantage of the Egyptian's high regard for cats. He was trying to capture Pelusium, the stronghold of the Egyptian King Psammetirus, and he wasn't having any luck until he thought of a clever but cruel scheme. He had his soldiers gather up thousands of cats and hurl them over the walls and into the ranks of the Egyptian troops drawn up in battle array. This shocked the superstitious Egyptians and threw them into such a panic that the invader had little trouble conquering them.

The Egyptians thought so much of their cats they embalmed their dead bodies with the same skill they used in embalming human bodies. In 1890 hundreds of thousands of these cat mummies were found in a feline cemetery at Ben Hassan.

But the Egyptians also had a stray cat problem and since no one dared kill one, they might have overrun the country except for an odd thing. Herodotus, the Greek historian who lived five centuries before Christ, says that in ancient Egypt the mother cats were so fond of their kittens they lost all interest in the father cats after the young were born. But the father cats got jealous and, their killer instinct aroused, they often dragged off the kittens and killed them—and that, according to Herodotus, is what kept the cat population of Egypt from growing to fantastic figures.

Campaigns to get rid of stray cats in this country are nothing new. Probably the most remarkable one was about fifty years ago when a group of New York women organized the famous "Midnight Band of Mercy." Dressed in old clothes and mackintoshes, the leader and her associates went out at night carrying baskets lined with oilcloth and bottles of chloroform. They would attract the cats with catnip, and as soon as they caught one it would be popped into a basket with a rag saturated in chloroform tied over its face. The cat would bound around and the closed basket would shake, while the members of the band chanted:

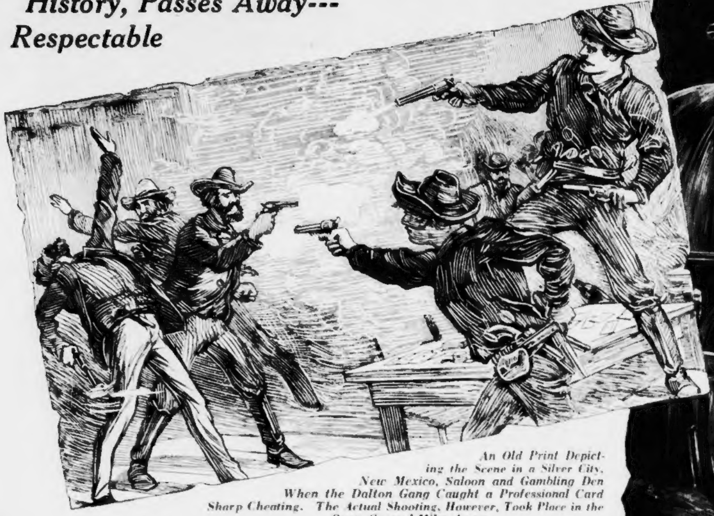
"Hush, kitty, hush! You'll soon be in kitty heaven."

The band was getting rid of about 500 cats a month in this way when it was finally put out of business because people began to accuse its members of luring away their harmless pets.

The Game Commissions of a number of States are considering laws similar and in some cases even more severe than that of Pennsylvania to punish those who abandon their cats.

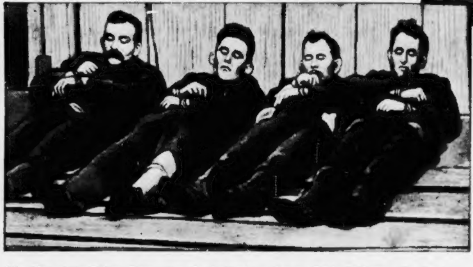
Last of the Dalton Boys Dies "With His Boots Off"

Sole Survivor of the Notorious Band of Train and Bank Robbers Who Made With Guns a Whole Lawless Chapter of American History, Passes Away--- Respectable



An Old Print Depicting the Scene in a Silver City, New Mexico, Saloon and Gambling Den When the Dalton Gang Caught a Professional Card Sharp Cheating. The Actual Shooting, However, Took Place in the Open, Several Miles Away.

Train Robbery Was a Specialty of the Dalton Boys and This Old Drawing of Their Day Shows Their Methods.



The End of the Dalton Gang After the Coffeyville, Kansas, Bank Robbery. The Four Dead Men From Left to Right Are Bill Powers, Bob Dalton, Grat Dalton and Dick Broadwell.

Emmett Dalton, the Only One of the Outlaw Brothers to Die "With His Boots Off," After He Had Reformed.

One of the Coffeyville Banks Whose Robberies Led to the Extinction of the Daltons.

"CURSE you, Jack Dalton!"

In the Eighteen-Nineties people throughout the country eagerly read dime novels and "penny dreadfuls" dealing with the crimes of the Dalton Brothers and their gang of train robbers, those four words came to be applied to them and were said as often as another popular melodramatic phrase of the time: "Once aboard the lugger and the—gir-rul is mine!"

Emmett Dalton, a respectable business man, died in Los Angeles the other day at the age of sixty-five. He was the last of this infamous gang of train robbers which together with the James Boys and the Youngers, to whom he was related, terrorized the West less than half a century ago. Their exploits were magnified by word of mouth and in print until they became almost legendary figures.

They were not responsible for all the crimes of which they were accused between 1890 and 1892. Nevertheless, they did manage some of the boldest of the train robberies, and notably the raid on the Coffeyville, Kansas, banks.

It was when the Dalton gang shot it out with the angry citizens of Coffeyville that the gang came to an unhappy and unholy end, and only Emmett, badly wounded, survived to die "with his boots off."

One hot evening in 1890 five men walked into the saloon on the only street of Silver City, New Mexico. The five were Emmett and Bob Dalton and three cowpuncher friends—George Newcomb, Charley Bryant and McElhanie, first name unknown. They were hot and thirsty for they had followed the dusty trail all the way from Indian Territory, now Oklahoma.

Bob and another brother, Grattan, had been U. S. Deputy Marshals back in the Indian Territory and young Emmett, still in his 'teens, had been their assistant. All three were fearless, quick shooting and as fast on the draw as any lead slinger in the West. Another brother, Frank, who had also been a U. S. Deputy Marshal, had been a bit slow on the draw when he met three whiskey runners in the Arkansas River bottoms. Frank had been found with his revolver half out of his holster and three bullets in his head.

The deputy business hadn't been so good for Bob, Grat and Emmett. They were supposed to collect their salaries on a fee basis but they had hundreds of dollars in fees outstanding. Nevertheless, they always had plenty of money and when folks in the Territory began to whisper that the Dalton boys were doing a bit of cattle rustling on the side Emmett and Bob decided that it was time to see the world while Grat reckoned he'd amble out to California to visit the fifth brother, Bill, who was "doin' right well out there."

"Set 'em up, barkeep!"

The five men from Indian Territory dissolved the alkali dust from their throats with Silver City whiskey and looked around. In one corner of the saloon a faro game was going on.

All five walked over and the dealer, high-hatted and silk-shirted, dealt them hands, his face expressionless. Soon he raked in the pot, then another and another.

Bob shot a swift look at Emmett who in turn caught McElhanie's eye. The gambler had been winning every pot.

"That card came from your sleeve, mister!" Charley Bryant spoke.

They were fighting words and the gambler, his face still expressionless, went for his gun. He was just a shade slow as he discovered when he found himself staring into the muzzle of Emmett's gun. McElhanie already had the frightened barkeeper covered.

"Fork over!" Emmett commanded. But Bob had another idea. "Might as well make a good job!" he told the others. "We'll get blamed for it anyway." And so, methodically, the five robbed everyone in the saloon and backed out of the door.

The dust from their horses' hoofs still hung like a pall over the Silver City street when a hastily gathered posse started in pursuit. The fugitives were overtaken a few miles out of town, where they had fortified themselves behind some boulders.

Crack! One of the posse tumbled out of his saddle, a bullet between his eyes. Another slumped forward, then slipped off, then another and another. The shooting was much too fast and accurate for the posse.

The five newly arrived outlaws then held a pow-wow. Bob decided that he was going to visit brothers Bill and Grat in California. McElhanie thought he would go with him. Emmett, Newcomb and Bryant thought that they would go back to Indian Territory and cowpunching.

The story of the Silver City gunplay traveled rapidly West and East, and the name of Dalton became synonymous with desperado. In Fresno County, where Brother Bill was a respectable rancher, folks began talking about him. The fact that Grat, who was punching cattle for him, was involved in a number of shooting scrapes didn't help.

Then followed a series of train robberies along the Southern Pacific in Tulare County which were identical in planning and the daring with which they were executed. Just as the train would leave the water tank of some small station masked men would swing aboard behind the engine runner, creep silently over the coal and then put a revolver to the engineer's head, making him stop the train.

The train crew would then be rounded up and forced to go to the express car where the robbers would threaten to blow up the express car with dynamite and them along with it unless the express messenger handed over the money.

Emmett and Bob were blamed and the authorities took Grat and Bill to jail for questioning. Grat was indicted but escaped from the Visalia jail by loosening the bolts in his cell door with smuggled tools.

After that the Daltons went into the train robbing business in earnest. The gang found a hideout in a cave in a low cliff near the South Canadian River in Creek Indian territory and made it their headquarters. Large sums of money were being shipped over the Sante Fe Railroad to Guthrie, the new territorial capital, and Grat, Bob and Emmett with their two former partners, Newcomb and Bryant, reinforced by three new recruits—Doolin, Broadwell and Powers—decided to steal it.

They started operations one May night in 1891 at the little flag station of Wharton. Shortly before the 10:30 express was due with a shipment of money aboard, the gang walked into the railroad station.

"Hands up!" commanded *Emmett*.

At revolver point he then *made* the station agent get on the track *with* a red lantern. The 10:30 came pounding down the track. Brakes screeched *and* it came to a stop as the station *agent* frantically waved the red lantern. Bob and Newcomb jumped into the cab and cowed the train crew. Emmett and Bryant vaulted into the express car, took the strong-box key from the messenger, and opened the safe.

In a few minutes the gang was galloping toward their hideout with $1,600 in Emmett's saddlebags. Results had been disappointing but the job had been easy.

Shortly after 9 o'clock on the evening of June 1st, 1892, the Texas Express stopped to take on water near Wharton. As it did so the Dalton gang appeared from a deep-washed gully. Emmett and Powers went through the passenger cars relieving the travelers of their valuables. Grat and Doolin looted the express car. The other members of the gang including Bryant covered the train crew.

Behind him Bryant heard the clicking of a telegraph key. He wheeled around and saw the young station agent sending a message, perhaps sounding an alarm. Immediately he fired and the agent fell forward on his instrument, drilled through the brain. Again the gang escaped, but the next day Bryant galloped into Mulhall on a spree. He was recognized by Deputy Marshal Ed Short and captured.

Short put him in the express car of a train bound for Wichita for safe keeping. Bryant turned and with a single motion pulled the express messenger's gun from its holster and fired at Short. Equally swift, Short drew his revolver and fired. Both men died.

Again the Daltons were dissatisfied with their haul. It amounted to only $2,000. Besides that, the railroad, now aroused, was putting six Cherokee Indian guards, armed with revolvers and knives, into each express car.

A few days later the gang climbed on board a Missouri, Kansas and Texas train at Leliaetta station and stole $22,000. Then on the evening of June 14th they stopped another "Katy" train northbound at Adair by their usual method of having it flagged.

The Daltons were so fast on the draw that they had all of the guards disarmed before a single shot was *fired*. Bob then decided to *teach* the *railroad* a lesson. Climbing into the *cab he* compelled the terrified engineer to *drive* the train backward at *full* speed. *Five* miles out, on the wide prairie, *he* uncoupled the engine and made the *engineer* drive him back to Adair, where the rest of the gang were waiting *for* him.

Again the *Dalton* gang struck, not long afterward, at *Red* Rock, Oklahoma. The railroad *authorities*, not wholly unprepared for *them*, had laid a trap. A deadhead *train* loaded with armed guards was dispatch*ed* ahead of the regular train bearing *the* money in the express car.

Mysteriously tipped off, the *Dalton* gang let the first train go unmoles*ted*, then held up the second train *and* escaped with $11,000 in currency.

"One last raid and we'll all have enough to retire to a ranch in South America," Bob is reported to have said gleefully. One last raid—and this one to be a masterstroke.

There were two thriving banks at Coffeyville, Kansas—the Condon Bank and the First National. The gang decided to rob them both simultaneously.

This was to be a fast job, requiring the best men only as too many might get in the way of one another. The three Daltons, Bob Emmett and Grat, made their plans carefully. They would take only quick thinking, fast shooting Broadwell and Powers with them.

Bob led them into Coffeyville on the morning of October 5th, 1892. In addition to a pistol each man held a Winchester rifle ready for instant use. Each had his instructions and knew exactly what to do.

But as they cantered up the main street they discovered that in making repairs the workmen had moved the hitching posts some distance off. This was serious but they did not then realize how serious it was. But it upset their timing and delayed their getaway.

The five dismounted and tied their horses. Bob and Emmett walked swiftly into the First National Bank, cowed the clerks with their rifles and in two minutes were leaving with $23,000 in a sack.

Over at the Condon Bank, however, Grat, Broadwell and Powers found a hitch in their calculations. The cashier, Charley Ball, told them there was a time lock on the safe which would not open it until 10 a. m. It was ten minutes to that time and as the three waited.

In the meantime someone gave the alarm. Angered citizens poured out of houses and saloons. Some of them were armed. Those who were not broke into a nearby hardware store and seized shotguns and shells.

The three Daltons, Broadwell and Powers were forced to run. They dashed for their horses, firing as they ran. Bob was killed while running. Emmett fired from the hip and killed Bob's slayer, then fell with twenty-three buckshot in his side. Grat went down in a hail of lead. Broadwell vaulted to the saddle followed by Powers.

Each killed one man, then Powers fell, mortally wounded. Broadwell wheeled his horse and dug his spurs into its sides. A blast from a shotgun struck him but he galloped out of town. A mile away he rolled out of the saddle, dead.

The citizens descended on Emmett, who still showed signs of life.

"Get a rope! Kill him," they shouted.

A few of the cool-headed ones carried him into a doctor's office. Then David S. Elliott, editor of "The Coffeyville Journal," made an eloquent appeal to the mob that "justice be done and the law be permitted to take its course." His plea saved Emmett's life.

When Emmett was brought to trial he was sentenced to life imprisonment, but fifteen years later when he was released for good behavior, his sweetheart, Julia, whom he had kissed goodbye that day long ago in Coffeyville, was still waiting for him.

They were married and lived happily together until Emmett, who had become a successful, law-abiding business man, died in Los Angeles.

Peculiar Embarrassments of Marrying Twins

Complications When "Identicals" Marry "Fraternals," but When One Who Is Not a Twin Marries Any Kind of a Twin, It Seems to Be Even Worse

One Set of Twins Whose Husbands Would Never Have to Worry About Mistaking One for the Other—Daisy and Violet Hilton, Who Always Have to Stay Together.

The Attractive Identical Swank Sisters, Mary Jane and Jean Mary, Whom Harry Brown Cook, 3rd, Mary Jane's Husband, Was Always Getting Mixed Up.

Ray and Roy, Fraternal Twins, Walking From the Altar With Louise and Lois, Identical Twins, But They Didn't Get Along.

Lois and Louise With Hubert and Herbert Sharp, Identical Twins. They Were Married Before the Sebring Divorce Went Through, So Now They Want an Annulment Until They Can Re-Wed the Sharps.

IN most cases the marriages of twins to twins do not seem to work out very well, but Lois and Louise Coats Sebring Sharp, of Los Angeles, think they have found the solution of that. Lois and Louise are what are called "identical twins"—that is, for certain biological reasons they are exactly alike, as identical inside and out as any two cans of corn turned out by a factory. They are not only twin bodies but twin souls and minds.

They are really one person in two, so much so that, like the well authenticated case of the two identical Philadelphia twins, Martha and Marjorie Hines, whom science has had its eye on for years, they frequently have the same illnesses, the same operations, the same accidents, recover usually at the same time and fall in love and marry simultaneously. Also, they get divorced simultaneously.

This is entirely different from the ordinary or "fraternal twins." Identical twins are believed to spring from the same human egg cell and thus receive exactly the same heredity. Ordinary twins are believed to spring from two separate egg cells and, therefore, their heredity is individual.

Lois and Louise knew they were identical because they always wanted to be together, always ate the same sort of food, liked exactly the same books and movies and suffered the same troubles, mental and physical, simultaneously. So, when they decided simultaneuosly to get married, they picked another set of twins, the two handsome Sebring brothers, Ray and Roy, serving with the United States Marine Corps.

And then, again simultaneously, they found that neither was happy with her bridegroom. The trouble, explained Lois, was that although they had married twins because they wanted always to be together, that was not what their husbands wanted.

"They wanted to go different places and do different things," she complained.

This was all very distressing and, searching for the reason, Lois and Louise found that Ray and Roy were not identical twins at all but ordinary ones. So they simultaneously divorced Ray and Roy.

Then they put their theory to the test by marrying Hubert and Herbert Sharp, after making absolutely certain that the Sharp brothers were identicals.

That was all right and things went along happily until Lois and Louise simultaneously discovered that they were not yet fully divorced from Ray and Roy and, therefore, were not the wives of Hubert and Herbert. Both pairs of twins are extremely respectable, and this news shocked them greatly. So now Hubert and Herbert are suing Lois and Louise for annulment. But when the annulment is granted and the year is up when the divorce from Ray and Roy becomes final, Lois and Louise and Hubert and Herbert will get married all over again and try out Lois' and Louise's identical twins theory.

But if matrimony is a perilous game for identical twins who marry fraternal twins, it seems much more dangerous to a girl who is not an identical twin to marry one of a pair and equally so for a man who marries one of an identical pair of twin girls. How can he or she tell which one of these wives or husbands, who are one person split into two parts, from each other? Yet twins have a peculiar fascination and it was this lure which recently caused Harry Brown Cook III, son of a wealthy old Pennsylvania family, to disregard all warnings and marry Mary Jane Swank, of the identical Swank dancing twins, the other member being Jean Mary Swank.

Harry was only eighteen and Mary Jane and Jean Mary sixteen when the three eloped to Elkton, Maryland, and the marriage was performed by a somewhat confused minister. Mary Jane, in her annulment suit, complains that Harry drank continuously for the first month they were married. This, she says, caused him to kiss Jean Mary about as often as he did her. After a while this half ration of kisses, she asserts, got on her nerves and the trouble began.

Harry, it seems plausible, answered that if he did any drinking it was to steady his nerves, upset by the fact that he was never sure whether or not he was kissing the wrong lips and whispering secrets into the wrong ears. He complained that it was doubly difficult to tell his bride from her sister, because the two were seldom apart. Harry evidently loved one of them deeply if he only knew which one, because about a month after the suit was started by Mary Jane he felt so badly about it that he tried to put a bullet through his heart, luckily missing it just enough to survive.

The complications and confusions that go with loving a twin seem to begin even before marriage, as happened tragically to Arle Johnson, nineteen-year-old call boy whose job was to wake the crews of passenger and freight trains at Billings, Montana. Johnson was in love with Alice Greenleaf, who lived with her identical twin sister, Aileen, on a farm nearby.

Arle was already tormented with the inevitable jealousy, inspired by Dan Davis, a handsome telegraph messenger. It seems that Dan had first been interested in Alice but had transferred his affections to Aileen.

But somehow Arle did not believe this and was convinced that Davis was still after Alice and not Aileen. One day he made a surprise visit to the farm, just in time to see the messenger pedaling away on his bicycle and, just as he feared, Alice waving goodbye. Alice admitted that she was Alice but explained that it was just a casual meeting with no significance but the jealous youth could not be convinced.

Arle went home, bought a revolver and returned to the farm. The twelve-year-old daughter of the family met him at the door with the information that Alice wasn't mad any more and would like to make up.

Miss Alice Greenleaf, the Billings, Montana, Twin Whose Sweetheart Shot Her Sister by Mistake.

"Too late now," answered Johnson, who pushed in the door and saw Alice coming toward him down the hall. Jerking out the gun he aimed it at her and pulled the trigger three times. The first two cartridges failed to explode and the third bullet crashed through a glass door as the girl ran through it. A moment later the twin sister Aileen appeared in a door nearby, wondering what her sister was screaming about, saw the gun and also screamed. Arle, hearing the same sort of scream, coming from the same sort of face, dangerously wounded her in the chest and then took his own life, without knowing he had shot the wrong girl.

Perhaps the queerest and most needless twin troubles were brought upon himself by Milton Bobring, a youthful salesman of St. Louis. Milton had fallen in love and into trouble enough when he married Catherine Steirt, one of a pair of twins. After a lot of painful fireworks, young Bobring ran away, but he evidently had not learned anything by his experience because a few months later he did the same thing with Roberta Green, another twin and manager of a hosiery shop.

Billie and Patsy Irwin, Dancing Twins. When Patsy Offended Mlle. Guy the French Dancer, Mlle. Guy Gave Billie a Black Eye, Showing That Not All Twin Troubles Are in the Family.

As if all the headaches that come with loving a twin were not enough he added that of bigamy, because he had not divorced his previous twin wife. Roberta heard, somehow, and soon Milton was behind the bars.

For ingenuity, however, Mrs. Ralph Snidow, of Los Angeles, seems to win the prize in the way of twin-trouble. According to her husband, she was not a twin at all but she made him believe she was and put him through ten weeks of confusion and anxiety that must have been exactly like the real thing. Mr. Snidow fell in love with Virginia Parker, who was so pretty and delightful that he wasted no time investigating her family or other unimportant details. She was perfect and that was all he needed to know. But just before the wedding day a few slight imperfections appeared, mostly jealousy and a violent temper. These caused one of those truth-telling quarrels which can never be forgiven and the two parted forever.

A few days later Ralph, sitting alone in the little flat that was to have been their happy home, was thinking how beautiful life would be if only Virginia had been without those two faults. He went to the door and there, apparently, she stood.

"Virginia!" he cried, but the girl bashfully informed him that she was not Virginia but Virginia's twin sister, Bernice. Bernice went on to explain that her twin had told her all about the sad ending of their romance, what a fine man Ralph was and that it was all her own fault. Virginia had further suggested that she, Bernice, being neither jealous nor bad tempered, but otherwise exactly the same, would make an ideal wife for Ralph, if she happened to care for him, which was probable, because twins always liked the same people.

It turned out that she did like him, and Ralph's thwarted love for Virginia almost instantly transferred itself to this girl, who was an exact duplicate of the other except for a couple of improvements. They married, lived happily for a couple of weeks and then one Sunday morning she went out clothed for church, only to return half an hour later in sports regalia.

"Good Lord! What happened?" gasped the astonished husband.

"Don't you know me?" she asked wistfully. "I am not Bernice, I am Virginia."

From that moment on Ralph knew what it is like to be married to a twin.

"I have just come to say goodbye forever," said the visitor. "I have made the greatest sacrifice a woman can for the two people I love." And she wept.

If it had been any other woman in the world, Ralph would not have done it, but there must be something mechanical in the processes of love because Ralph could not resist taking this exact counterpart of the girl he loved in his arms and comforting her. After her tears had been dried she touched him for $20 carfare to depart into her empty life forever and left.

But Virginia had to spend the $20 for something else and came back again and again. Finally the worried husband wearied of these touching scenes and became suspicious at last, refusing to give her another cent. Her answer, he says, was to threaten to tell her sister everything. Ralph compromised by another $20 but made her sign an agreement not to bother him any more. A handwriting expert stated that her signature was the disguised hand of his own wife Bernice. With this and other evidence he won a divorce.

All the embarrassments encountered by twins are not confined to matrimony. Twins find themselves often confronted by peculiar situations that develop in their everyday life, in the office, on the street, and frequently on the stage. These embarrassments result, of course, when one twin is mistaken for another as in the case of Billie Irwin, a member of the team of dancing twins, which occurred recently in Paris.

The Irwin twins, Billie and Patsy, were playing in a revue at the Palace Music Hall, where the famous beauty, Mlle. Edmonde Guy, was the star. Mlle. Guy, a favorite with the French public, was the dancing partner of M. Van Duren, and in the finale of the revue brought up the rear of a long procession of costumed actresses who had to descend a massive stairway.

It just happened that the Irwin twins, under the routining of the finale, immediately preceded Mlle. Guy, and one night they paused too long in the spotlight to suit the French star who, to hasten their descent of the stairway, prodded Patsy with the butt of her large feathered fan. This was too much for an American dancer to take even from the star, and she promptly reacted by running around behind Mlle. Guy and delivering a hearty kick which caused the kicked one, as she later described it in the police station, "to stick out my stomach in a most undignified manner."

After the curtain had been run down, Mlle. Guy, enraged at the indignity, took a wild swing at Billie Irwin, whom she mistook for the other twin, and blackened her eye, with the result that a general free-for-all immediately got under way back stage and wound up in the civil court, which upheld Mlle. Guy even though she had unwittingly attacked the wrong twin.

Nobody was much surprised when one of the famous Hilton Siamese twin sisters married, that her romance went quickly to smash. In this case, there was never any confusion of identities because the husband always knew who was who, and there was no chance of getting into the wrong boudoir. Still, the marriage didn't succeed.

Yet, there is an astonishing exception to the rule. Eng and Chang, the original Siamese twins, married happily enough to leave a large number of descendants.

Here Comes the Bride!

ANOTHER "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" WINS
CLAIRE, YOU LOOK SIMPLY BEAUTIFUL! I'VE NEVER SEEN A BRIDE WITH A LOVELIER COMPLEXION. IT'S SO SOFT AND SMOOTH... SO RADIANT!
THANK YOU, MARY! HAVEN'T I BEEN LUCKY? THINK HOW DRY AND OLD-LOOKING MY SKIN WAS JUST A FEW MONTHS AGO!
AND NOW YOUR COMPLEXION'S GORGEOUS! HOW DID YOU DO IT, CLAIRE?
WHY, MARY! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW! I WENT TO BENI OF FIFTH AVENUE. HE TOLD ME TO CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE...BECAUSE IT IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF YOUR NEW "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION". THEN PALMOLIVE FOR ME, FROM NOW ON!
Gown by Bergdorf Goodman
Complexion by Palmolive
PALMOLIVE

DON'T RISK "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

How Palmolive, made with gentle Olive Oil, keeps your complexion soft, smooth, young!

BY BENI OF FIFTH AVENUE, FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT

"Is your complexion beginning to look the least bit dry, dull, slightly coarse-looking? These are the first signs of 'Middle-Age' Skin—the heart-breaking condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance.

"Like thousands of other beauty experts, I advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because it is made with a priceless beauty aid—Olive Oil. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing, penetrating. Palmolive gently cleanses the pores of dirt and cosmetics, and at the same time, softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive natural color."

The Same Gentle Soap Chosen Exclusively for the Dionne Quins

Palmolive, the safe, pure, gentle soap made with Olive and Palm Oils, was chosen by Dr. Dafoe for exclusive use on the tender skin of the little Dionne Quintuplets. Why not start today to let Palmolive's gentle, *different* lather help make *your* complexion lovelier!

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TO KEEP THAT 'SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION' USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP MADE WITH GENTLE OLIVE OIL

Lucky Misfortunes That Brought Fame and Riches

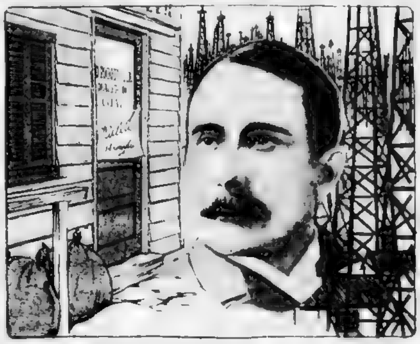
The "Best Seller" That Would Never Have Been Possible Without a Series of Injuries That Kept Its Writer In Bed—and Inventors, Merchants, Shipbuilders, Industrial Magnates and Others Who Have Reached Success Through Failure

A Curious Old Print of Marco Polo the Famous Traveler, and Nobody Would Have Heard of Him If He Hadn't Been Put in Jail for Political Reasons and Passed the Time by Writing Up His Exploits

Thomas Edison Invented the Stock Ticker and When Business Men Came to Make an Offer for It He Lost His Voice. They Interpreted His Silence as Refusal and Gave Him Several Times as Much

Charles Goodyear Is a Classic Example of Lucky Misfortune. He Worked on a Mixture That Spilled Over, but This Seeming Misfortune Was His Greatest Luck. He Had Discovered How to Vulcanize Rubber

Margaret Mitchell, Author of Gone With the Wind, Had More Unlucky Things Happen to Her Than It Seems Possible for One Woman to Have, but These Mishaps Were What Gave Her Time to Work Out Her Notable [illegible]



The Late John D. Rockefeller Was Once a Complete Failure. His Coal Business Went to Pieces and He Had to Look for New Fields and Became Interested in Oil

Thomas Adams Tried to Make Raincoats Out of Rubbery Chicle. But They Stuck to Everything. Then He Remembered That It Could Be Chewed Also, and That Was the Basis of His Chewing Gum Fortune

T[illegible] Miss Mitchell [illegible]

Miss M[illegible]

[illegible] for Miss Mitchell [illegible]

If Miss [illegible]

[illegible] as I [illegible]

[illegible] As [illegible] was the [illegible] quickly [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] as far as he [illegible] such as he was [illegible] he [illegible] with hands as well as [illegible] but [illegible] still needed another misfortune, a small one, to kick him upstairs to success. Carrying a mixture of [illegible] sulphur he had the [illegible] to spill it on a hot stove. It [illegible] such a vile smell that he cleared it off as soon as possible but not soon enough to prevent the accident from leading him to his goal. Looking at the heated mass he found his product [illegible] vulcanized rubber.

Thus, like almost all lucky victims of misfortune, not only had brains and talent but something in the way [illegible]

[illegible] Mass [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] first [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible] West Indies [illegible] that they were [illegible] the [illegible] Mr. Dexter got [illegible] his crazy [illegible]

Watching [illegible] the ship [illegible] get stay stuff. The young financier supposed this meant whalebone, of which a little was used in the corsets of that day for "stays." So he hustled around and was able to pretty well corner the whalebone market before he discovered that the shipbuilder was talking about the kind of cordage used for stays or standing rigging on ships. But just as he was resigning himself to being ruined the fashions changed, calling for a new kind of corset almost entirely whalebone. The corset makers found this grinning idiot sitting pretty on top of the entire available supply of the material.

Timothy Dexter's most extraordinary [illegible] seems to have been shipping several ships [illegible] of coal to Newcastle, England. Since [illegible] he had heard the expression [illegible] shipping coals to Newcastle [illegible] that [illegible] ing the most useless thing imaginable [illegible] at that time [illegible] which [illegible] world was [illegible] that great [illegible] shipping [illegible]

[illegible] But [illegible] this [illegible] was not destined to be [illegible] A great strike happened [illegible] the very same [illegible] such a [illegible] profit [illegible] his folly that his hardheaded New England neighbors wished that they too had been blessed by the happy misfortune of being born pretty dumb.

The [illegible] the late John D. Rockefeller was to succeed in the coal business and when after giving his heart [illegible] he had to give up and admitted failure it seemed to the young man a dire calamity. That calamity drove him into investigating the [illegible] insignificant oil business [illegible] it possible for him to give away more money for useful purposes probably than any man who ever lived.

Thomas A. Edison got stage fright and lost his voice at a critical moment in his career when it seemed most important that he should be able to argue convincingly. As a result of that misfortune $80,000 he had not dreamed of asking was thrust on him. The young future wizard had just invented the stock ticker from which he was destined to win his first real money.

A group of capitalists had been persuaded to witness a demonstration which went off so badly, due to the [illegible] that he [illegible] He [illegible] had to get $2,000 [illegible] the syndicate [illegible] cough [illegible] and get no words out of his mouth. Finally the head of the syndicate remarked that he thought $100,000 would be a fair price.

Captain Robert Dollar bought a large tract of redwood timber and then found to his dismay that no ship owner would bother to come and get his timber after it was cut, the very reason he had been able to buy the tract so reasonably. The only way out of this misfortune was to buy a small steamer and transport it himself. This unwelcome experience, however, taught him that his future was not in lumber but shipping. Today his lumber interests are minor but the Dollar Line is one of [illegible]

[illegible] waterproof all right but when he sat down with it on it stuck to the chair and to him. It was the same with [illegible] rubber boots [illegible] Then he thought of using it as the foundation for false teeth but a dentist friend laughed at him.

So he was about to throw the stuff away when he remembered that Santa Anna used to chew it. So he tried some of it himself and was surprised to find out how much fun it was to chew. Then he discovered it was even more pleasant when mixed with sugar and flavoring [illegible]

[illegible] he [illegible] which [illegible] steps [illegible] It is one of the world's great [illegible] tists.

Abraham Lincoln [illegible] ever [illegible] quent [illegible] now became a lawyer whose [illegible] Presidency [illegible] tion was to be a sailor. He [illegible] on a canal boat [illegible] he fell overboard [illegible] Realizing [illegible] he resigned [illegible] a rail splitter but became President of the United States.

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How I Waded Through Bloo

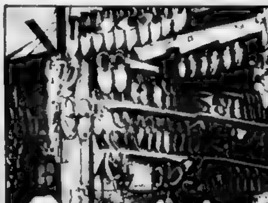
Queen Souriya Fled by Airplane From Kabul, the Besieged Capital, Carrying with Her the Crown Jewels, Some of Which She Is Wearing in This Photograph. Two or Three Days Later Her Husband, King Amanullah, Abdicated and Fled.

Scene of Excitement in the Street of Bazaars, Where the Merchants Exchanged Gossip and Rumors.

"The courtiers were telling the King that the Mullahs (the Holy Men) were the real instigators of the revolt, and Amanullah fumed and raved.

"The Mullahs must be punished, he s[illegible] Dignified old men, said to have been impl[illegible] through the streets in chains, there to re[illegible]tence.

"They were dragged forth again[illegible] of cannon and blown to pieces."



Shop in the Bazaar Where Bacha Saquo's Spies Picked Up the Latest News to Report What Was Going on in the City.

Sardar Inayatullah, Brother of Amanullah, in Whose Favor the King Abdicated but Who Reigned for Only Three Days

LIFE is precarious in Afghanistan, that semi-barbarous state which lies between Russia and India, but there is one spot, Kabul, the capital, where there is law and order and the refinements of civilized modern life. In K[illegible] King [illegible] Aman[illegible] in the royal palace and there are [illegible] a few foreign legations. In the [illegible] brigands waylay travelers and [illegible] caravans [illegible] restraint.

It was Bacha Saquo, [illegible] the bandits, who made up his mind to make himself king of this country. In these pages Bacha tells his own story [illegible] came down [illegible] mountains at the head of his cutthroat band [illegible] battle with King Amanullah.

[illegible] royal palace Bacha and his wild tribesmen [illegible] objects of the beds which they had never seen [illegible] they hung their cartridge belts on the gilded chandeliers and stripped off the palace draperies and rugs to use as blankets for their horses.

[illegible] accustomed to her mud hut, was now Queen [illegible] herself mixing dough and baking homemade bread [illegible] palace kitchen. Bacha the ruffian king held cock fights in the royal audience chamber and with a swing of his sword beheaded those who displeased him, or, if he thought a public example was needed, he ordered offenders blown from the mouths of cannons. Only one of the savage outfit who made up the new King's cabinet could read or write.

Unmatched [illegible] historical event in modern times, the adventures of this [illegible] like chapters from the Arabian Nights. His story was transcribed by a scholar to whom he dictated it.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

A [illegible] ran away from Kabul [illegible] after committing [illegible] in the hills. A Mullah (Holy Man) prophesied that he would become a King and gave him an amulet to charm away bullets. He also declared that two months after the Mullah's death Bacha would meet his doom.

His qualities of leadership made him chief of the brigands and he and his band plundered the caravans with ruthless hand. Expeditions sent against him by King Amanullah were captured or driven off and Bacha, at the head of 2[illegible] bandit men, set out to attack Kabul, the capital.

By BACHA SAQUO,
Robber Chief, Who Made Himself King of Afghanistan.

(Continued from Last Sunday).

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CHAPTER III.

WHEN first the Shinwari tribesmen raised the banner of revolt, there was acute apprehension in Kabul, the capital, as to what I, Bacha, the brigand-chief, would do.

Through the Governor of Kohistan, certain overtures were made to me which I did not take very seriously. It was suggested to me that in return for sundry considerations I should surrender my overlordship of the caravan routes, and I replied, more in satire than anything else, that I would consent to this course if I were guaranteed personal protection, were given an adequate sum of money to meet my needs, one hundred .303 rifles, and two thousand rounds of ammunition for each weapon. I hinted that in return, I would disband many of my men and send them to Kabul as recruits to the forces which would operate against the rebel Shinwaris.

When, in addition to my terms, I demanded some form of military title I did not think for one moment that the court would entertain my suggestion, but to my surprise, and no little delight, it did.

The Governor used his telephone to some purpose, the money and the rifles and ammunition arrived, and I was told that the question of military rank was only one for discussion and mutual arrangement.

[illegible] bellion rather than fight ag[illegible] spread the fame of the name of Bach[illegible]

Altogether, therefore, I could mu[illegible] hundred and fifty .303 rifles of accepted [illegible] some fifty .303 weapons of tribal manuf[illegible] machine-guns and perhaps eighty thousand r[illegible] of ammunition. For the rest my force was armed with ancient muzzle-loaders of doubtful potency, good enough for work in the hills, but [illegible] precision and rapidity of action for the t[illegible] in mind.

I could not afford to descend with my entire force and initiate a battle for possession of Kabul. The place was a citadel, it was protected by many cannon, and it invariably housed an adequate garrison. If I descended in force and there was a protracted siege, I should have a numerous and efficient enemy at my back. That could not be.

Amanullah no longer believed me to be dead, but no large force could penetrate this hostile belt without news preceding it, and putting the capital on its guard.

Also, I was always a firm believer in poss[illegible]ng an adequate reserve—a force which a commander could throw into the breach when that moment came when a battle was to be won or lost.

I decided, therefore, that my initial descent upon the capital should be undertaken by the three hundred possessing modern rifles. The remaining seventeen hundred I would keep in the background to be ready for emergencies.

I evolved a series of smoke and fire signals. This large force had to be ready, to march to my aid if I so requested, to move to a flank and create a diversion if I required a corridor through the hostile tract through which I could retire with speed and without fighting and at all times to make its presence felt by continual movement and desultory sniping.

It was near enough to Kabul to create uneasiness and alarm, and word had frequently to go out that I, Bacha, was in personal command.

Thus it was that I set out on my great adventure. My main body halted as I had planned and advertised its presence to some purpose. I, with [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] It was said in court circles that [illegible] King could dispose of this [illegible] Bacha Saquo [illegible] defeat [illegible]

One Ahmed Ali Khan, who had just returned from a four years' sojourn in Berlin, was [illegible] my executioner, and with an adequate force he set out for the hills. My men were apprised of his coming even before he knew he had been given the [illegible] and for I had my own methods of obtaining my information. Mohammed Wali, the King's Vazir, still kept his money bags open that those who cared might contribute.

Perhaps in order to show how well we understood one another Mohammed Wali presented me with a richly chased rifle. It had automatic action and I was to prove its efficiency in battle.

Ahmed Ali proceeded with his force which was attacked and dispersed by my men.

The night after the rout of Ahmed Ali Khan I was back in the villages around Kabul. I thought I knew something of the man I would dispossess and I was determined to avoid, if possible, circumstances where Amanullah would have no other recourse but to lead his men into battle.

There would come the moment, so I believed, when the country would have to say: Who shall be King?

Amanullah, the King, must not only be dispossessed, but his name must be disgraced. Then, with no one ready to fill the breach, and with Bacha Saquo in command at Kabul, the clans would be the more likely to accept the situation.

I had no illusions. I knew that they would look askance at the son of a water-carrier, and that if any other aspirant to the throne lifted his head there would be war. But, if Amanullah could be induced to abdicate—if his nerves could be fretted [illegible] There is nothing [illegible] strength is [illegible] people instinct[illegible]

[illegible] Much would shortly [illegible] upon [illegible] certain contingen[illegible]

[illegible] several feints in the [illegible] the city. None of these, however, was [illegible] Their purpose was to keep the [illegible] and to add weight [illegible] the King.

During the day [illegible] down [illegible] my reserve force from the hills. In all my men numbered now over one thousand. The three hundred men with modern arms I kept at their sniping. The others I utilized for the feint attacks on the city. Their weapons produced sufficient noise [illegible] did more damage than [illegible] modern rifle.

Kabul's defenses were indeed in a sorry state, for Amanullah had thrown all his men southeastward to meet the menace of the Shinwaris. Only the men of the King's bodyguard remained, and their efforts were augmented by the students of the Military College.

During the day emissaries arrived from the revolting Shinwaris, and I gave them free passage into the city. Word came to me that Amanullah refused to receive them that day. Eventually, however, he changed his mind, and did so.

These men brought with them the demands of the Shinwari council, which at the outset did not call for the King's abdication. The Shinwaris, and the clans who had gathered to them, demanded the recall of the irritating new laws, and Amanullah agreed. Before the representatives of the rebels he would agree to anything, but before these men left the city they were vouchsafed an opportunity of gauging the worth to be placed upon his word.

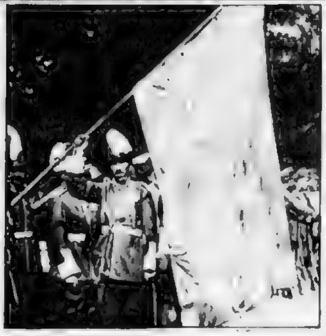
As soon as these men had left the Royal pres-

to Become a King

Extraordinary Confessions of the Brigand Chief, Bacha Saquo, Ignorant Bandit of the Hills, Who Could Neither Read Nor Write, Who Overcame King Amanullah, and Established Himself and His Barbarous Cutthroats in the Royal Palace of Afghanistan

outed, and Mullahs were brought before him. d in the revolt in the South, were dragged th revilings of the monarch and their sen- artillery parade ground, bound to the mouths

Fortifications Outside of Amanullah's Palace in Kabul.



The Royal Flag and Part of King Amanullah's Army.

One of King Amanullah's Bodyguard.

the courtiers were [illegible] Mullahs, the Holy Men [illegible] Mullahs [illegible] and Amanullah [illegible]. The Mullahs must be [illegible]. Mullahs were brought before [illegible] in the revolt in the South were dragged through the streets in [illegible] revilings of the monarch and their [illegible].

They were dragged [illegible] parade ground [illegible] and blown to pieces.

[illegible] within an hour of these executions [illegible] from the citadel [illegible] there were [illegible] had all men [illegible] ingratitude [illegible] winning independence [illegible] country [illegible] had been [illegible] Afghanistan [illegible] of the world.

[illegible] complained with bitterness of [illegible] issued against him and declared that he had ill-treated the Mullahs and had never given [illegible] for the unveiling of women.

Not content with that he ordered the [illegible] to work, and had the [illegible] with what all men knew to be untrue.

In the light of these events, what could the [illegible] of the Shinwari rebels think of their King?

News came that evening of a further defeat of the Government forces at the hands of the rebels, and I decided to bring the war home a little nearer to Amanullah.

We proceeded that night to cut every telephone and telegraph line leading out of the capital. Amanullah had lost his best means of communication and I knew how the suspense of the unknown would further fret at his frayed nerves.

Three times that night the King despatched mounted couriers to obtain news from the Shinwari front. Three times these men were sent back disarmed, and with uncomplimentary messages.

Meanwhile we maintained a [illegible] maximum of noise. We would allow the firing to fade away while we snatched a few hours' rest, then horsemen would scurry under the very walls of the citadel, shouting and screaming, and sniping would break out anew.

The defenders spent a sorry time rushing from one end of the town to another to stave off first this attack; then that. Gradually, I was wearing down their morale.

Again that night I could have pressed home my attack [illegible] the more closely to view the results of my handiwork.

[illegible] gates [illegible] this night have presented [illegible] but [illegible] well knew how to open gates. On one of the gates of the city, well away from the main entrances, there was a small postern, a sort of back door, which was more than sufficient for my purpose. I had used it before, and I would use it again.

During one of the lulls in our sniping, five single shots were fired in quick succession. There was a short pause, and these were followed by five more.

In the crashing of the rain and the howling of the wind I watched that small postern, and after a wait of some twenty minutes I saw movement. A shaded light shone where there was before only abysmal blackness, and I moved forward, and was within the city.

A cautious voice greeted me as I stepped low through the little door. It belonged to Mahmud Sami, a Turk who was originally imported into Afghanistan as a military expert, became a naturalized Afghan and the head of the Military College whose students were now taking such an active part in the defense of the capital.

"Art well muffled?"

Mahmud Sami put the question tersely, and there was an element of apprehension in his voice which, in the circumstances, was well understandable. The fact that one of Kabul's principal defenders should be consorting with the enemy leader [illegible]

[illegible] Kabul in its present state [illegible] was not his own [illegible]

[illegible] "All in good time, Mahmud [illegible] good time."

[illegible] at length, "why have you come?"

"To see Kabul in the grip of panic," I answered lightly, and left him.

Kabul, which should have been wrapt in slumber, was a city of feverish preparation. Frightened merchants were busily engaged in transporting their goods to places of safety, and in procuring wood with which to barricade their shops. On all sides were their moans and cries of despair, for the Kabul merchant does not lightly regard the coming of trouble and danger. In many ways he is a fatalist, but where his worldly goods are concerned he sees trouble from afar, and – rather than await its coming he goes forward to meet it with furrowed brow and lachrymose mien.

Even at that hour, the mosques were crowded with men who prayed that their ruler might be given guidance, and everywhere were gangs of men, working under the command of officers, busily engaged in unwinding barbed wire. Barricades were being erected in the principal thoroughfares, and round the palace itself miles and miles of barbed wire were being spun into entanglements. Kabul already bore the signs of a besieged city.

At a coffee shop where the proprietor, more intrepid than most, still remained open for business, I halted for refreshment. The freshly made green tea would be sustaining at such a time, and [illegible] I entered, [illegible] there was indigna- [illegible] of Holy [illegible] be placed in [illegible] be shorn, [illegible] rest, [illegible] and [illegible] Mullahs [illegible] The [illegible] King Amanullah [illegible] stop [illegible] He is but [illegible] with a [illegible] grew it de- [illegible] the [illegible] appoint- [illegible] my [illegible] I [illegible] my [illegible] them [illegible] but [illegible] a war- [illegible] water-carrier's son [illegible] King and who [illegible] who have been [illegible]

[illegible] questioned querulously. "[illegible] and is in need of a lesson."

"[illegible] water-carrier's son," I replied [illegible] my knife. "Perhaps [illegible] reward which is upon [illegible] the palace."

A [illegible] apprehension were upon these men, and they edged quietly toward the open street.

Once in the bazaar they turned and ran, crying: "Bacha! Bacha! He is upon us!"

Reaching for my sheep-skin, I followed them, crying in unison, "Bacha! Bacha!"

The cry was taken up. The flying group became a crowd, and the crowd, a mob, all howling: "Bacha, Bacha, he is upon us."

Round the palace they swarmed – hundreds and hundreds of affrighted men and women, the latter quietly weeping, and the men calling upon the King to give them arms.

From the palace windows there came no sign. Amanullah Khan either failed to hear his people, or ignored them. It mattered not which. By a fortuitous chance I had excited them beyond measure. I had made the name of Bacha Saquo ring through the streets of the capital as it had never rung before.

The city was in the throes of great emotional stress. Before many hours there would be the reaction.

People would say: "We were assailed. The

(Continued on Page 20)

Perfect Specimen

by Jean Johnson

A Disturbing Young Man Who Charmed Mice and Men, but Who Had His Troubles When It Came to a Girl. Complete in This Issue.

It's One Thing to Cover a Docile Person, Quite Another to Cope With an Individual Whose Coat Collar Suddenly Sprouts Mice

S[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] one of the three hopeful applicants lined along the wall [illegible] "No, no, no," he piped an audible dismissal. Then spying Peter Griggs, he went swiftly toward him.

[illegible] meant to protest that this person was a bidder [illegible] applicant, but Mr. Mangin was circling the entertained young man and emitting bubbling sounds of satisfaction.

"Ah, this one will do admirably, Miss Spencer. Yes. H[illegible] Medium angle. Hair classification 3 Dolicocephalic." And dancing on his toes with excitement Mr. Mangin hurried his find toward his inner sanctum.

Peter Griggs clung to the door frame long enough to inquire of Claire, "Wasn't there something about animals?"

"You'll soon find out," she prophesied darkly.

The door had scarcely closed upon them when it opened again and Mr. Mangin thrust out his elongated head and [illegible]

"This has gone far enough. I won't have you following me."

[illegible] must have worked, for the seated man wriggled, folded his newspaper, and got up, [illegible] to Claire. "Have my seat."

Seating herself, she [illegible] dismay if Peter Griggs always had his way with people. A startling thought, that.

When the young man got off at her station, she whirled furiously upon him. "This has gone far enough. I won't have you following me."

"I'm not following you," he said blandly. "I live near here."

He lived, it transpired, in the apartment house adjoining hers. At the entrance he paused to comment, "Quite a coincidence, isn't it? My windows look out on the same court as yours. I think the blue pajamas are more becoming than the new orange ones." With that he disappeared.

* * *

THE following Monday morning Peter Griggs once more halted before her desk. "Such a waste of time, Miss Spencer. I could have told you that the library officials wouldn't have that information about your unfortunate relative. No," he anticipated her, "I didn't follow you. I was already in the reading room. But to return to our subject—you don't realize, probably, how careful librarians are to keep baneful influences from polluting the minds of the young. You're very pretty when you're angry."

She gripped the desk with fingers that itched to fly at his face. "You leave me alone," she choked. "There's nothing whatever wrong with me." But she was beginning to wonder. Heavens, if one gave way to violent impulses.

He was shaking his head. "There's something very wrong with you, young lady, or else you'd respond more [illegible]

[illegible] so hungry as a result of her [illegible] at her desk, head in her hands, she [illegible] leaner and shabbier, and her heart [illegible]

Aware of a movement at the [illegible] bracing herself to meet his [illegible] went up.

The burly figure in the doorway [illegible] stepped out of a gangster movie. She sat frozen with [illegible] while he locked the door behind him.

Then the man turned to her. "N[illegible] to the boss' private office." A[illegible] know he ain't here."

A chill went through her as she [illegible]

(Continued on Page 21.)

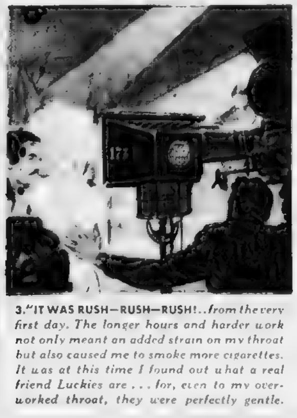
[illegible] Rights Reserved

70,000 feet of "*talk*" a year

MADELEINE CARROLL tells how the throat-strain of all this acting led her to a light smoke—Luckies..

1. "MY NEW PICTURE, *'The Prisoner of Zenda',"* *says Miss Carroll, "runs 8,500 feet of film. But in making it, we had to shoot much more. In less than a year in America my voice probably makes 70,000 feet of film. So you see my reason for choosing a cigarette that's easy on my throat—Lucky Strike.*

2. "TIME OUT FOR TEA," *adds Miss Carroll, "was a very familiar order of the day in English picture studios. Over there, work was more leisurely. I didn't at that time understand why the American film stars who came to London were always so insistent on Luckies. But then—I got my call to Hollywood and...*



3. "IT WAS RUSH—RUSH—RUSH!.. *from the very first day. The longer hours and harder work not only meant an added strain on my throat but also caused me to smoke more cigarettes. It was at this time I found out what a real friend Luckies are ... for, even to my overworked throat, they were perfectly gentle.*

4. "NOW, WHEN I TRAVEL TO EUROPE— *Luckies go with me. I like to introduce them to my English friends as my American discovery." (Note: Miss Carroll's "discovery" is easily explained. The exclusive "Toasting" process drives out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—makes Luckies kind to throats.)*

Men Who Know Tobacco Smoke Luckies 2 to 1

SURELY, men who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco are the best judges of tobacco quality.

And now, sworn records open to the public show that, among independent tobacco experts, Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined!

This is the verdict of tobacco men—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—not connected with any cigarette manufacturer. In the impartial, honest judgment of the men who know tobacco best ... *it's Luckies—2 to 1!*

The American Tobacco Co.

MADELEINE CARROLL
Walter Wanger star in
David O. Selznick's
new picture
"THE PRISONER OF ZENDA"

LUCKIES are a light smoke...easy on your throat—"It's Toasted"

Hoodwink House by *S. A*[illegible] *W*[illegible]

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

LOVEDAY BRANT, beauty contest winner, is an orphan and lives in London with her uncle, [illegible] Thicket, dealer in fake [illegible]. She has always had a [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] Thicket to Peregrine's Galleries. Thicket clubs Guy and escapes with The Banderillero's Daughter. Guy finds Loveday in the galleries and [illegible] [illegible]

A Loud Laugh Broke from Macartney. "Insolent," He Said, "to mistake me for Goya. I painted that picture only a month ago, for Lord Bledlow."

CHAPTER XI.

Den of Thieves

JEREMY THICKET bowed over Zoe [illegible]

[illegible] check or cash?"

"Ten thousand," corrected Jeremy Thicket in velvety tones. [illegible] amount, Mrs. Craig. You remember [illegible] Macartney [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] whimsically up at the ceiling as if in reverie. "A game that dates from the days of Amen Rah [illegible]. Let us see the picture [illegible]

[illegible] her hands caught the attention of Brian Macartney with fastidious dismay, they so resembled a griffin's claws ready to fly up at the antique dealer's bearded throat. Nor did Thicket, with his obvious greed and fear, look any more edifying as he slowly [illegible] a painted canvas upon the table.

"The Banderillero's Daughter!" he said with a flourish. "Behold [illegible]"

A loud laugh broke from Brian Macartney. He was on his feet bowing and scraping delightedly to Jeremy Thicket. Pushing Thicket gently aside, he strutted to the table and gazed lovingly down at the picture.

"Insolent," he said, his blue eyes dancing. "To mistake me for a guttersnipe like Goya! I painted that picture only a month ago to the commission of his [illegible] say! Goya! Who was Goya?"

A stupefied silence fell upon his two companions. It was [illegible]

[illegible] Olympus, who may he be?" The aquiline eyes opened wide and [illegible] Thicket. As for this picture here [illegible] [illegible] house [illegible]

[illegible] little while. The swiftness with which diamond had cut diamond during the past twenty-four hours left a [illegible]

[illegible] canvas with magnifying glass and chemical reagents like the expert he was with results which made him sit with cocked eyebrows and the astounded realization that, intrinsically, his man, Derry Pigg, had done much better out of the previous night's exploit than himself.

Now he realized the ground had fallen from under his feet, as slickly as the trap-door of a scaffold, an image which unnerved him strangely.

Zoe Craig was counting out notes slowly. They did not even sound crisp. They looked dead and despicable.

"Five hundred, Mrs. Craig. Be generous! I took the risk," Thicket pleaded huskily, completely beaten.

"Pick up your money and leave [illegible] the table. And [illegible] frame from your stock for it [illegible]" said Zoe Craig briskly, finishing her glass of tonic-water.

"Hallo," said Macartney, closing the [illegible] Jeremy [illegible]

[illegible] Thicket moved, the artist turned to look at Zoe Craig with a [illegible] expression [illegible]

[illegible] was at a [illegible] stage where [illegible]

CHAPTER XII.

Lady Bledlow's Game

M[illegible] [illegible] again. The [illegible] a period of gray [illegible]

[illegible] Loveday was working [illegible] hours at a stretch [illegible] a studio at Elstree. "The Blue Toreador" was in full swing now [illegible] country of Spain to shoot the colorful exterior scenes.

[illegible] the movie god ha[illegible] Loveday Brant [illegible] as a [illegible] which stepped from its frame and talked. She and Destiny were to be in the Spanish unit.

[illegible] But do you know there is a very rich [illegible] down here?"

"For me?"

Destiny nodded with a curious and protective glance at Loveday. She handed her a letter.

"The chauffeur asked me if you were in. He wished to bring up the note himself, but I said no. It is from some dam-nuisance of a man, I expect. The chauffeur is only small. I will go and squash his face for him if you wish, Loveday. Or I will go and squash his master's. Whichever you please," ended Destiny.

Loveday opened the note. It was written in feeble straggling writing and was very short.

"Will you come and see me, Loveday Brant? You needn't be frightened of me or hate me any more. I am going to die soon, I think [illegible] I want to see you.

TERESA BLEDLOW.

"P. S. I will see that my two men don't harm you."

Loveday looked up [illegible] waiting Destiny.

[illegible] she said [illegible] It's a [illegible] It's Lady Bledlow [illegible]

"Oh, that old woman?" Destiny said [illegible] she [illegible] after [illegible] away from the [illegible] Give me your [illegible] let me [illegible] There [illegible] fear [illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])

YES, SIR, THIS NEW RING WILL SAVE YOU MONEY

50 TIMES A SECOND

LET ME EXPLAIN WHY...

IN TORTUROUS HEAT... lightning fast... the Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Ring changes its diameter to seal every variation in worn cylinders... *3000 times a mile*—50 times a second at 60! That's why it positively stops oil pumping, brings back new-car power, doubles engine life. Any good mechanic will make a Perfect Circle X-90 installation in a few hours.

AFTER 20,000 TO 25,000 MILES [illegible] cylinders [illegible] become [illegible] larger at the top than at the bottom. (For illustration purposes the diagram showing the taper is exaggerated.)

AT LAST, the Perfect Circle X-90 Piston Ring solved the problem. It's [illegible] different [illegible] that cuts in half the pressure needed to force the piston through the cylinder.

AT [illegible] MILES AN HOUR [illegible]

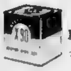
SIX INDIVIDUAL DOUBLE-LEAF SPRINGS [illegible] the [illegible] tapered [illegible]

IN AN ATTEMPT TO SEAL tapered cylinders [illegible] piston rings [illegible] in cylinders. But they caused piston [illegible] cut power. Paralyzed [illegible] speeds.

FREE *68-Page Life- and Car-saving Book*

Interesting. Profusely illustrated. Packed [illegible]

PERFECT CIRCLE



PISTON RINGS

PISTON EXPANDERS

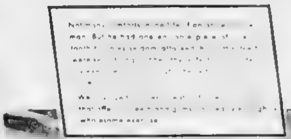
Trade mark Registered

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANIES [illegible]

Make [illegible] Model [illegible] Year

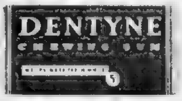
Address____________________

CAVEMAN got a break!



DENTYNE HELPS KEEP TEETH STRONGER, WHITER! We moderns [illegible] mouth healthy, gums pink and [illegible]

[illegible] LADEN WITH DELICIOUS FLAVOR! [illegible]



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

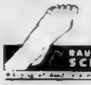
DROP THAT KNIFE!

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER

—unless removed Root and All*

PARING corns at [illegible] merely trims the surface, [illegible] the cause of serious infection. Soon that corn comes back bigger [illegible] more painful than ever.

Don't risk it. Use Blue-Jay [illegible] the pain stops instantly by [illegible] the pressure, then that entire corn lifts out Root and All in 3 short days. [illegible] a package of 6 [illegible]



BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

So refreshing

It's so easy to keep frosty bottles of ice-cold Coca-Cola ready to serve in your own refrigerator at home!

..and so easily served

Guests feel more at home when you manage hospitality easily. That's where ice-cold Coca-Cola comes in. Coca-Cola is so easy to serve...and everybody welcomes its life and sparkle—its pure, wholesome refreshment.

p. s. A drink so good by itself is a natural partner of good things to eat.

Just a case of pure refreshment for *the pause that refreshes* at home.

Ice-cold Coca-Cola makes lunch time *refreshment time.*

Drink
Coca-Cola
Delicious and
Refreshing

H[illegible] H[illegible]

S. A[illegible] W[illegible]

(Continued from Page 16)

[illegible] Loveday Br[illegible] was brave of [illegible] from the [illegible]

[illegible] face was propped [illegible] so [illegible] so that the white [illegible] sheet and coverlet [illegible] her. There was a flush [illegible] her cheeks [illegible] her eyes were very bright. [illegible] grizzled [illegible] curled and stretched himself at Loveday's [illegible] regarding her with a [illegible] bleary and ancient wisdom.

"They didn't see you come [illegible] two men, I mean." I plotted [illegible] you past them because I wanted to talk to you myself. That's why I had you smuggled in like this. I want company. I'm bored. Tyrants get bored sometimes, you know, Loveday Brant. Even Nero did, which was why he learned the fiddle, I suppose. And I'm the tyrant [illegible]

[illegible] Loveday [illegible] tucked [illegible] her [illegible]

"Don't speak [illegible] I believe only [illegible] of every [illegible] Yes [illegible]

"I wanted [illegible] It was [illegible] isn't it?"

There was a [illegible] ticked on the table [illegible]. The Aberdeen terrier yawned.

"[illegible] fair," agreed Lady Bledlow, "and I will. You're in love with my son, aren't you, Loveday Brant?"

"No," said Loveday in a sharp whisper. "Oh, no."

The faded eyes transfixed her own. The fear of the wolf had gone from them. They were level and steadfast, yet infinitely weary.

"Very convincing. You hate him like poison, of course. Well, listen. He's mine. I've always had him. In my time, Loveday Brant, I've been jealous of God because perhaps He knew him before I did."

"That's a strange thing for a [illegible] an [illegible] to say, [illegible]

"The [illegible]er he got, the more I wanted to keep him, and when he grew up I wanted [illegible] him. So he began to hoodwink [illegible]. So [illegible] so gently, Loveday Brant. If ever you have a son, don't cherish him until he starts to hoodwink you, child."

Teresa Bledlow smoothed the coverlet.

"It was any other woman coming into his life that I was frightened of. I couldn't stand it. I knew it must happen. I was blind but with both my eyes wide open. I acted [illegible] like a fool. Like a fool, Loveday Brant.

"I watched his affairs with Virginia Craig and [illegible] drove me crazy. Crazy, but with the other part of my brain quite sane. Blind, but with my eyes wide open. Can you understand? Be quiet, child. I'm making full confession of my [illegible]. It's a solemn moment." a thin wraith of the elfish smile.

"I thought if I invited Virginia Craig to dinner and produced Loveday Brant as my son's sweetheart I should be able to defeat her. I meant to show her that Guy's mother saw through her designs.

"Wasn't it a quaint early Edwardian notion, Loveday Brant? Can you beat it? And I knew all the time. But I couldn't help it. I was a tyrant and they've [illegible]. I shall be a tyrant till I die. Likewise an unscrupulous woman and one of the most [illegible] of [illegible] creatures."

"I don't know why you're telling me," said Loveday in a [illegible] voice.

"For fun. Laugh if you like. Do you hate me yet, child? I blundered with you. I thought you were a professional beauty with your head screwed on very tightly. That night when that red-haired woman trampled on me I knew I'd blundered. I knew you were in love with Guy. I saw it shining all over you and I guessed you must have known him before. And [illegible] to the [illegible] child. I [illegible] of you."

"I'm glad," Loveday [illegible] her breath. "I'm glad. And [illegible] may I go? I don't think I'd better stay. What would be the use?"

"[illegible] stay." [illegible] with surprising strength [illegible] her wrist [illegible]

[illegible] be [illegible] finish."

The [illegible] the little face [illegible] white pillows [illegible] ful laughter and [illegible] eager determination. [illegible] woman [illegible] half gentle [illegible] her [illegible] self as though [illegible] her. She sat there with [illegible] defying her, mocking her perhaps. Loveday wanted to touch one of her hands, snatch back the precious thing [illegible] away [illegible]

"[illegible] fatal!

"You can't keep [illegible] Not even you, Lady Bledlow. I don't belong to you. I'm [illegible] free."

As [illegible] from the [illegible]

"What did you do then?" demanded Loveday, wheeling.

The little face against the pillows regarded her steadfastly.

"I rang for my two men," Lady Bledlow said. "Do you think I want to be left alone at this time of my life? You'll meet them on the stairs if you go, Loveday. I do not suppose they [illegible] that you had, I should say."

Loveday [illegible] a [illegible] carelessness and sat down. [illegible] Hoodwink House [illegible] some fantastic trick [illegible]

[illegible]

CHAPTER XIII.

Checkmate

WHEN [illegible] lowed [illegible] This [illegible]

[illegible] without shock, feeling herself no more than a puppet in whatever [illegible] was to follow.

More, she felt that they were all puppets: the three men as well as herself, and the [illegible]ture in the bed who used her weakness as others used their strength [illegible]

Loveday looked at her [illegible] attitude was that of dignified calm, though [illegible] father's glance [illegible] transfixed her.

He bowed to the bed.

"It was kind of you to send for me, Lady Bledlow," he said formally. "I trust you are feeling better."

[illegible] His aspect was [illegible]

[illegible] sent for the [illegible] Thicket [illegible] with a cer[illegible] My niece Loveday has been [illegible] years [illegible] she [illegible] Her [illegible] Lady Bledlow [illegible] affair. [illegible] that was [illegible] I trust, quite modern. But the basic facts of life [illegible] Mr. Guy Peregrine [illegible] Lord Bed[illegible] My niece Loveday is a [illegible]

Teresa [illegible] flashed. As Peregrine made a careless step [illegible] he showed an odd mixture of [illegible]

"[illegible] You make me [illegible] when you fidget. So [illegible] great friends, Mr. [illegible] perhaps you can [illegible]"

[illegible] Peregrine his attitude of detached [illegible] charge.

"I leave it to you, Lady Bledlow. Your son masqueraded as Mr. Peregrine, [illegible] a poster artist, and my niece Loveday spent many hours in his room [illegible] unaware. I firmly believe, of his real identity. Quite modern, yes. But the basic facts."

[illegible] himself. [illegible] Loveday disappeared [illegible] I asked Mr. Peregrine [illegible]

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 21)

Guy Put His Arm About Loveday. "We defy you now, little mother," He Said. "And you, too, guv'nor."

Half & Half Makes ONE Swell Smoke!

Half & Half doesn't bite, even when the fish do. Cool as the sign: "No Fishing Allowed." Smooth as a permit that gives you the right. Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company

No Bite!

No Bite!

Still no Bite!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF

The Safe Pipe-Tobacco

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

Charming Women Always Look Their Best

CARE, study and thought must be [illegible] Mask Cover[illegible]

[illegible] cream Mercolized Wax [illegible] Mercolized Wax has been [illegible] tested cream. Choose Mercolized Wax. Use Mercolized Wax. Then [illegible] over the youthful appearance of your skin.

Use Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent. Tingling, antiseptic; helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

Phelactine Depilatory

TAKES off unwanted hair from face. Quick, easy to use. Try it.

At all drug and department stores

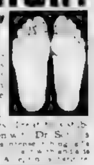
AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES

FEET ITCH?

Watch Out—It May Be Athlete's Foot

[illegible] Dr. Scholl's Solvex [illegible]

Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX



Sunburn Torture

[illegible] PETERSON'S OINTMENT. At all druggists. Money refunded [illegible] Sample FREE. Write [illegible] PETERSON OINTMENT [illegible] BUFFALO [illegible]

CORN PAIN GONE!

Safe, Sure, Instant Relief!

No waiting! The instant you apply Dr. S[illegible] pain stops! These thin [illegible] pads [illegible] Sold everywhere.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

HIS FACE WAS A SIGHT!
MY SKIN IS SO ROUGH AND PIMPLY, DAD.
CUTICURA IS JUST THE THING FOR THOSE EXTERNALLY CAUSED BLEMISHES
NOT LONG AFTER
GEE, MY FACE IS CLEARER ALREADY. CUTICURA SURE HELPED ME
AND DON'T FORGET! KEEP RIGHT ON USING CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT EVERY DAY TO HELP GUARD THAT GOOD LOOKING COMPLEXION
For FREE sample write [illegible]

It's tantalizing... it's zestful...
America's favorite salad dressing!

A special recipe... finer ingredients make Miracle Whip different

DON'T miss out on the exciting new flavor you can give all your salads. "Snap them up" with this *different* kind of dressing—Miracle Whip!

Here's the secret of the flavor that makes Miracle Whip unique. In it, true mayonnaise and old-fashioned boiled dressing are combined. Result, a delicious shade of flavor that never before existed!

In Miracle Whip, the ingredients used are choice. The costly ones are never skimped, as they often are in ordinary commercial mixtures. Expert blending of these fine ingredients in Kraft's exclusive Miracle Whip beater brings out the best in them! [illegible] Miracle Whip a superb smoothness and [illegible]

If you want a reputation for [illegible] salads, always dress them up with Miracle Whip. [illegible] [illegible] flavor [illegible] world [illegible] Miracle Whip [illegible] next 20 [illegible] salad [illegible]

Miracle Whip Salad Dressing
A NEW KIND OF DRESSING CREATED BY
KRAFT
KRAFT PHENIX CHEESE CORP., GEN. OFFICES CHICAGO

"IT'S WONDERFUL WHAT MIRACLE WHIP'S UNIQUE FLAVOR DOES TO MY SALADS! IT GIVES THEM NEW GOODNESS . . . DIFFERENT FROM ANY OTHER DRESSING."
—MRS. EDWARD A. FARGO JR.

Mrs. Fargo suggests Tomato-Cup Salad

It's one that guests always comment on—gorgeous Tomato-Cup Salad with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing! Try this easy, stunning salad tomorrow. Just peel firm tomatoes, cutting each into five sections, leaving them whole at the stem ends. Spread them apart slightly, place each in a crisp lettuce cup and arrange on a platter. Toss diced celery and raw cauliflower flowerets with these cooked vegetables: green peas, green beans, sliced carrots. Add salt and pepper to taste. Fill centers of tomatoes with mixed vegetables and garnish generously with Miracle Whip.

HEAR THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL PROGRAM

MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
"PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE

In Miracle Whip... costly ingredients are never skimped

In ordinary commercial [illegible] are! Miracle Whip gives you [illegible] these finer ingredients that make [illegible] between the best and the not [illegible] choose the best—as millions of others do. When you [illegible] salads and sandwiches, treat yourself to Miracle Whip.

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King---*By Bacha Saquo*

(Continued from Double Page)

[illegible] was with us. We ap[illegible] the King and he was [illegible] Is this the man who de[illegible] he was the servant [illegible] the day after his [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] of this [illegible] glare that one [illegible] their turn are here to see.

This paper about [illegible] I dis[illegible] a few [illegible] I never [illegible] and [illegible] I [illegible] the figure and whis[illegible]

[illegible] brother I said [illegible] that people are in a [illegible] They say that Bacha is [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] I [illegible] he opened his [illegible] to speak before the words [illegible] and then he spoke hast[illegible]

[illegible] he gasped. Have— [illegible] within the [illegible]

I [illegible] my sheep[illegible] I knew what was [illegible] He too [illegible] Amanullah Khan de[illegible] He [illegible] would [illegible] where [illegible] the [illegible] was [illegible]

[illegible] the people [illegible] their King for his un[illegible] ways.

[illegible] this was not the moment [illegible] present this man with a [illegible] invite him to [illegible] the jackal's shriek[illegible] their hundreds.

The [illegible] which was in Mo[hammed] Wali's eyes faded. He [illegible] sensed a great opportunity [illegible] feeling secure he believed [illegible] to raise an a[illegible] With that Bacha Saquo would have been a[illegible] to an [illegible] yet speedy death and Mohammed Wali would have his heart's desire.

My unfeeling laugh shattered the roseate dreams which swarmed through his brain and he regarded me none too pleasantly.

"More of your sport, Bacha," he said bitterly. "Mind that you tempt not Fate unduly."

I eyed him steadily.

"When do you attack, Bacha?" he asked on a different note.

"Tomorrow," I answered as if the matter was of no account.

"With the dawn there will be an assault."

"You know that the King will resist? In the hours of light he [illegible] defend all. If you, Bacha, can enter Kabul without my knowledge, why do you not engineer a night assault?"

"I am my own commander-in-chief," I replied austerely, and left him.

In the early hours, soon after dawn, I initiated an attack. I was true to my [illegible] but I had my tongue in my [illegible] nevertheless. There are attacks which are pressed home, where the attackers hang on tenaciously in the face of all odds, and there are attacks which serve their purpose if the spirit displayed be such that the defenders are convinced that they must fight for one. My attack was of the latter order. This form of warfare can be costly to the attackers as well as the defenders and I [illegible] sustained [illegible] full share of casualties, but before the day was over I [illegible] the hours well spent. The King had seconded my efforts to the best of his ability and had been an unwitting ally to my schemes. He thundered at [illegible] with his [illegible] the feelings of those [illegible]

[illegible] sheep [illegible]

[illegible] rank foolishness, but [illegible] the people of Kabul to see that Bacha Saquo the brigand chieftain was [illegible] their [illegible] that King Amanullah should be [illegible] delusions as to the character of the force which was assailing his capital.

When this feint attack was well established and [illegible] was ob[illegible] by the rush [illegible] of the engagement, I slipped away and with my [illegible] armed men [illegible] for the fortified tower which is situated not far from the walls of Kabul and is a dominating defensive structure. The tower is really part of the Habibia College and gives a command of a wide field of fire into Kabul itself.

From there we raked the city with a hot fire which eventually drew the attention of Amanullah's artillery. It was a mark which the gunners could not miss and the position soon became untenable. I had however achieved my object in further lowering the morale of the defenders and I evacuated the tower and [illegible] the rest of my men in the village of Kala Pushtah. Later in the day I fell back upon Bagh-i-Bala.

In the evening of the second day of my attack upon Kabul, I rested for some hours, but before midnight I was again in the city. I believed, wherever possible, it was best to check up on my intelligence service with my own eyes.

Even in the space of a few hours the face of Kabul had changed for the worse.

The people had now come to learn of the reverses of the Royalist forces with the revolt[illegible] and they knew that the trade routes were blocked and that the rebels of the south and east were making headway. I had cut off all means of telegraphic and telephonic communication [illegible] on the [illegible] the [illegible]

As I [illegible] the city which [illegible] I heard the most exaggerated stories of the strength which I [illegible] the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] the soldiers they can find fuel for fires. They [illegible] depend [illegible] food and their twenty rupees per month."

A [illegible] accompanied my words and the sepoys [illegible] me angrily.

"Who are you, one of them [illegible] that are so foolish [illegible] such taxes?"

"Twenty rupees." He spat his [illegible]

"You are [illegible] if [illegible] stranger [illegible] sense," he [illegible]

"Where," he demanded, [illegible] ing his arms in a wide gesture, "are Amanullah's soldiers? Where is this great army which costs so much?"

"Aye, where?" growled another. "Nowhere but in the pockets of the Vazir and [illegible] officers. A company which should be a hundred strong is but twenty, but the officers draw pay for the hundred."

"Ah," said another. "And our twenty rupees. It has mysteriously dwindled to four. Four rupees," he exclaimed [illegible] "And three of those I have to [illegible] each month."

He stood up in his tattered uniform and stamped the ground, reviling the name of the King whose presence he guarded.

I left the group and wandered further, where there were knots of people assembled outside the palace gates. All spoke with bated breath of the events in the capital that day [illegible] the [illegible] of the brigand chief.

The scenes that afternoon must have [illegible] fear [illegible] the heart of Amanullah. The merchants had refused to open their shops and the people had been [illegible] The King [illegible] the [illegible] in the streets [illegible] the shops [illegible] merchants were [illegible] There had been [illegible] troops [illegible]

[illegible] nothing or such security, and there had been riots. The mounted police had been helpless, and one Hindu who had made a fortune in the disposal of western clothes met his death by the same agency. A mob collected outside his house, flourishing unkempt [illegible] bedraggled trousers [illegible] which had been cast off by [illegible] waiting mentals of the West and demanded money.

When none was forthcoming [illegible] the clothes [illegible] roadway, sought kerosene and set the [illegible] on fire. Then [illegible] searched for the money [illegible] and [illegible] and threw [illegible] into the [illegible]

The burning of the European clothes was regarded by the people as a gesture. [illegible] the [illegible] off of [illegible]

[illegible] the [illegible] they had been [illegible] going abroad in their clothes.

[illegible] the King [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] offices remained closed, and the prices of foodstuffs shot to an unheard of level. Then a runner brought news of the gates of the palace being barricaded. Large stores of food and ammunition were being carried within, and [illegible]

Also as I [illegible] the King's aeroplanes were busy. They flew off carrying [illegible] of distress to all parts of the country.

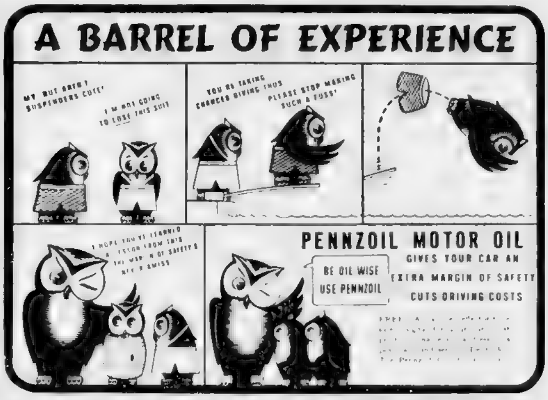
Amanullah was calling up the tribal levies. In one such call which was read to me, he promised those who came to his aid almost untold wealth, and an adequate supply of arms and ammunition.

[illegible] into the [illegible] Rather did I [illegible] upon the [illegible] with [illegible]

The flow of humanity increased and more and more did the streets of Kabul become [illegible] with the tribesmen. The King threw open the [illegible]

[illegible]

(Continued on Page [illegible])


A BARREL OF EXPERIENCE
MY, BUT AREN'T SUSPENDERS CUTE!
I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE THIS SUIT
YOU'RE TAKING CHANCES DIVING THUS
PLEASE STOP MAKING SUCH A FUSS!
I HOPE YOU'VE LEARNED A LESSON FROM THIS THE MARGIN OF SAFETY'S NEVER AMISS
BE OIL WISE USE PENNZOIL
PENNZOIL MOTOR OIL
GIVES YOUR CAR AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY
CUTS DRIVING COSTS

SO MUCH QUALITY *when you say* PABST

You can taste the goodness of Pabst. It is nature's own beverage—brewed and brought to you by the rich experience of ninety-three years.

To millions, the world over, Pabst brings refreshment—relaxation—pleasant companionship. Pabst is one of the better things in life within the reach of all—bringing purity, wholesomeness and fine flavor in full measure. You'll enjoy Pabst with your meals—with your work—with your play. You can be sure of quality—when you say Pabst.

For Pride and Health A CLOROX-CLEAN *Drainboard!*

"When it's CLOROX-CLEAN it's disinfected"
CLOROX

A CLOROX-CLEAN drainboard merits the pride of every housewife. For Clorox not only removes numerous stains and deodorizes, it disinfects—an added safeguard to health.

The microscopic view below shows germs commonly found on so-called "clean" drainboards indicating the imperative need for the regular use of a safe and efficient disinfectant—Clorox. For Clorox is outstanding among those disinfectants which scientists proclaim safest and best suited for household use.

Clorox in the regular laundering process makes white cottons and linens snowy-white, sanitary. Clorox also deodorizes, disinfects and removes numerous stains—even scorch, mildew—from white and color-fast cottons and linens.

Follow the directions on the Clorox label as a guide to easier and safer housekeeping in laundry, kitchen and bathroom. It also lists many important personal uses. Clorox is always uniform in quality ... concentrated for economy. There is only one Clorox, order by name.

CLOROX-CLEAN means GREATER HOME HYGIENE
CLOROX
PURE · SAFE · DEPENDABLE
BLEACHES DEODORIZES DISINFECTS REMOVES NUMEROUS STAINS... Even Scorch, Mildew

Bottle Saving With a Purpose

MOST women save their empty glass jars against a day when they might [illegible] But this [illegible] the [illegible] bottles and [illegible] up which [illegible] Now manufacturers are designing their food jars with a definite future in mind for them once they are emptied.

Among them are vinegar bottles which later filled with ice water, become pastry rolling pins or refrigerator bottles, mustard pots that turn into ash trays, flower vases, drinking glasses, or even cups with saucers, a silver [illegible] jar that becomes a cigarette container, cheese jars that become ash trays and drinking glasses, a stemmed jelly jar that becomes a sherbet glass, tea packed in an iced-tea glass, and many others, all made of glass.

Hoodwink House by S. Andrew Wood

(Continued from Page 18)

Loveday's guardian, in donning my clothes and getting out of bed to follow. Your car drove westwards, Mr. Peregrine, and purely upon speculation, I telephoned Lord Bledlow's house—this house—and discovered that Lord and Lady Bledlow were absent for the night.

"It justified me in following, and hanging round this place like a sneak and a thief, until Loveday left in the early hours of next morning—smuggled out, I suppose, when your father and mother returned. It justified me, this evening, when I saw, by pure accident, Loveday in Lord Bledlow's car—for I have known sons to use their father's limousines before now, Mr. Peregrine—it justified me in following, to enter my protest, to persuade Loveday to break off this dangerous infatuation, if such it is, and to appeal to your sense of honor. If I have made a mistake, then I apologize."

Jeremy Thicket ended hotly. He made rather a gallant figure, as though the Laughing Cavalier, the dashing and honest soldier upon which he modeled himself, showed the world his intenser side and apologized for so doing. The old woman in the bed never took her eyes from him.

She spoke.

"The usual thing must be done, then. Guy must marry Loveday, Mr. Thicket," she said. "That's all there is to it."

A little wind blew outside, and tapped the tree branches against the windows of Hoodwink House. The bed creaked slightly, as Lady Bledlow moved herself into a more comfortable position. Her words had come on a breath and a tiny laugh of contentment followed them.

"Will you retire now, Mr. Thicket? I want to discuss the matter"—stark and cool, the little face looked over the bedclothes at Jeremy Thicket—"with my son, his father and his future wife. This is a family business, you'll understand."

"But—" There was a touch of stutter in Jeremy Thicket's voice. He was taken aback. Whatever his purpose—and Loveday, whipping her brains, groping in her incurable terror of him, could one moment find a thousand, and the next none—he had not bargained for that curt dismissal—"I haven't finished, dear Lady Bledlow, if you will allow me——"

Teresa Bledlow pressed her eyelids with her fingers.

"He makes me feel tired, Guy," she said, with the suggestion of a whimper. "He'll try to bully me if he stays, I'm sure."

"Come out, Thicket," said Peregrine.

He was back in the room again in a minute. He re-entered slowly, his long look resting upon Loveday. She felt it in every pulse and fibre. Then he was by her side.

"You're frightened!" in a low voice touching her almost roughly. "Don't be frightened, Loveday. Stop trembling!"

"Guy! I want you two to marry. I want it, I want it! Do you hear? This time it must be real!"

They came now, round and clear, the words. The little figure was sitting straight as a grenadier, her waxen face warm with soft color, her eyes soft-lit candles. The room seemed to shrink and leave her the most powerful thing in it, that doll-like old woman, earmarked and docketed by Death.

A stillness fell upon the two men. Loveday could hear it beating about her.

"Guy, come where I can see you. I want you to marry Loveday Brant. Soon!"

Peregrine moved to the bed. He sent a quick look at the older man. Little mother, fighting the wolf. She was growing delirious. It would have to be morphia soon—very soon. Yet her look was as gently incisive, as recklessly masterful as he had ever seen it. It held him by silken cords. It had held him from going to Cordova. It would hold him for what little time remained.

"Soon, mother," he said. "But now—you're tired."

She sent him a wide, keen glance. How inscrutable she was! She would die and neither he nor his father would ever have known her. She was speaking in that gentle, possessive voice he knew so well.

"Don't treat me like an idiot, Guy. My brain's clearer than yours. I'm not dying at the moment. But I shall—some day ..." Her lips curved. "Didn't I tell you, years ago, that I'd find you your wife? I've found her. Just in time."

"There's years yet!" he said quickly. "Years, mother! What are you talking about?"

"Hoodwink!" she whispered.

The white shadow which came when the wolf awakened crept about her lips, all at once. She slid into the pit of pain with a little sob which she tried to turn into a laugh, and her hand, first clutching the coverlet, went out to Loveday.

"Close!" she breathed. "Close, Loveday Brant!"

Her eyes thrust the two men away. Loveday sat with her arms round the fragile body, limp and wracked in its torment, and the dry lips were pressed against her warm cheek. The little dog on the bed whined with anxiety. Peregrine, standing with his hands closed helplessly, felt an unsteadying jealousy and hatred of the girl.

"She means it!" Checkmate—urgent. But what would do it?

Presently the heavy eyelids unclosed.

"I'm all right again. And if you think I was pretending that time, you're wrong. Go away from me, Loveday. They're jealous. They're only babies."

The ghost of a smile. Then, suddenly, a little impatient sound.

"You fool, Guy, not to go down on your knees to her if you haven't already done so! Can't you see how lovely she is—inside, as well as out? Haven't you seen it already? You're not worthy of her. But she's willing to marry you for all that, I'll be bound.

"And you, Tom"—the pitying scorn of her look turned to Lord Bledlow—"you can't recognize anything more alive than a Ming vase. Perhaps you've forgotten that night on the Titanic? I haven't. There was a man named David Brant on board, Tom—an artist, who wore his hair short, and had good morals, and loved the life of a country gentleman, though he was a genius who would have been excused seven wives, instead of only seven children and one wife."

"Brant!" echoed Lord Bledlow sharply.

"I thought you'd remember." Exhaustion caused the scorn to flag. "After I'd gone with the women, he gave you his place in one of the boats, you'll remember, in spite of his seven children. He threw you in, as a matter of fact. Thought a man who made money out of pictures was more good in the world than one who didn't, I expect. And he'd promised me—well, this is one of his children. I knew it the first time she came to this house. She's going to be my son's wife."

Guy Peregrine scarcely heard the words. Checkmate! He was groping dangerously for one. But what? Hoodwink for just a little time longer.

He found himself smiling. The words came of themselves.

"The game's up, mother," he said. "I throw in. You'd better prepare yourself for a bit of a shock, about Loveday and me ... we're already married."

A kind of sickness followed. Not since boyhood had he been nearer to tears. But he knew himself to be still smiling—penitently asking for forgiveness.

"It took place nearly a month ago—at a register office, of course. We kept it secret. You are such a formidable character. We were dead afraid of you, mother. Weren't we, Loveday?"

She would not betray him. He stepped close to her, keeping in the shadow from the little mother and Loveday saw the gay menace behind his look. She stood very still while he caught her lightly and bent close.

She shut her eyes in helpless misery and bewilderment. He was going to kiss her as he had kissed her when he had bade her farewell in the garret. And if he did, she didn't know whether it would kill her, or whether she would kill him.

"Help me ..." he breathed.

He hadn't kissed her. His quick whisper had impinged upon her ears, she had seen the desperate appeal in his face, and then he was drawing her to the bed.

"We defy you, now, little mother. And you, too, guv'nor!"

Lord Bledlow felt his head throb. He was a little like a shelved actor, standing in the wings and watching the tragic farce. The boy was quicksilver, and the girl, too. This was the master deceit of all that house of dear deceit had ever seen. Thicket's niece—and David Brant's daughter!

A little laugh of utter happiness came from the bed.

"Tell me all about it," demanded Lady Bledlow imperiously.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Perfect Specimen By Jean Johnson

(Continued from Page 14)

truder had come for. Only yesterday Mr. Mangin had boasted of bidding in a priceless psalter of the Fourteenth Century at an auction. The morning papers carried a story on it.

Stalling for time, she said, "I'm sorry, but I haven't access to Mr. Mangin's office. He locks his door and keeps the key." Which wasn't true. The desired key was hidden on a ledge above that closed door.

Had he believed her, she wondered in panic? He was eyeing her in a way that made her blood run cold. As he lunged toward her menacingly, her lips parted to scream but before any sound came, his broad hand silenced her. Then it was only a matter of seconds before a large and dirty handkerchief was stuffed into her mouth and her hands were bound behind her.

Helpless, she watched papers and carbons swirling over the floor as her desk was ruthlessly ransacked. Next, the invader gave the inner office door a shove, and finding it none too solid, put his shoulder to it with confident zeal.

To her dismay, the impact dislodged the key from the ledge, and seeing the man stoop to pick it up, she thought desperately, "Now he'll kill me for lying to him!"

But at that moment, his attention was otherwise engaged. Seemingly of its own volition, the assaulted door had swung violently inward, and Peter Griggs' tall figure loomed on the threshold.

He was not, Claire noted, wearing the spectacles. Nor did he appear outstandingly studious or learned. But he did look awfully capable. She held her breath, fearing a rash move, for the other man had recovered his balance and had the wicked gun in hand.

"Stick 'em up!" he snarled in the approved parlance of yeggmen.

Peter's countenance was expressionless as his long arms shot up. But his assailant's wasn't a moment after.

"Cripes!" the man howled, and with ample reason. For it's one thing to cover a docile person; quite another to cope with an individual whose coat collar suddenly sprouts mice.

As Rupert, Clemenestra and their innumerable, unnamed progeny darted through the air with an outraged squeak, astonishment held the desperado spell-bound just long enough for Peter to go into action. With military precision Peter planted two telling punches on the other's jaw—one on the right side, and, to balance it, one on the left.

Caught off guard, the big brute crumpled up as if made of papier mache, and slumbered beside the fallen key.

Then only, did Peter take any notice of the breathless girl.

"How silent, Miss Spencer, this morning," he remarked pleasantly. "It's a novel experience to converse with you when you can't answer back. I do hope my entrance didn't startle you too much. I came down early this morning to finish up some odds and ends. Sorry you haven't enjoyed my sojourn here as much as I have. Must say I've grown really fond of the old boy. Thought maybe we'd get along as business partners. Of course, it all began with my wanting to know you better. Then, too, the ad piqued my curiosity. Dangerous attribute, curiosity. Causes no end of trouble. I've made you hate me, and I didn't figure on that. So now I'm quitting before I'm fired. Hurts one's self-esteem to be fired." The while he talked, he'd busied himself bundling his groggy victim into the coat closet. "Guess that'll hold him until the police come," he concluded, brushing imaginary dust from his hands.

At that moment the telephone rang, and as Claire was unable to answer it, he did.

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Mangin. No, Miss Spencer has been too busy to speak to me as yet, I see."

In the long pause that followed, Claire surmised that Mr. Mangin was heroically performing the discharging act. And suddenly, miserably, she knew why she did not want Peter to walk out the door. Darn it all, he'd gone and gotten under her skin. Hadn't she been obsessed by the thought of him since he first made his appearance? There was no getting away from facts—her job would be unbearably dull after he left; the fizz would go out of daily living. In other words, she was in love.

"That being the case," Peter was saying, "I'll connect you with Miss Spencer. Hold the wire!" And putting down the receiver, he withdrew the gag and released her.

"Congratulations!" He touched his forehead in a mocking salute and moved toward the door.

"Peter, wait!" she implored. "I want you to hear what I'm going to say, M-Mr. Mangin," she stammered into the mouthpiece, "I've changed my mind about Mr. Griggs. I've come to think I, I mean I guess we both find him utterly indispensable. Oh—"

For some time after, the baffled Mr. Mangin kept clicking the telephone. He didn't hear what else was said, or recognize the final sound that came to his ears for what it was. Mr. Mangin had never heard a kiss over the telephone.

The End.

The Charmer always has it ... a lovely skin

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patterned on natural skin oils!

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Your skin's natural defenses have weakened. Oil glands are refusing to work as they should, supplying the oils which keep skin firm, fresh and supple. Circulation of the blood which carries nourishment to the skin and removes waste, is slowing down.

When this happens you must supplement Nature and help make these weakening defenses strong and active again!

Your success in doing this depends upon what you do. Doing the wrong thing may be just as bad as doing nothing at all.

The best way is the simplest. *What you need is just one inclusive, complete cream which is patterned on natural skin oils.* Ingram's Milkweed Cream!

This complete cream helps do for your skin what Nature does unaided for very young skin—supplies precious oils which once more make your skin smooth, soft, fresh. And, with gentle massage to stimulate the slow circulation, your skin becomes firmer, younger-looking.

A depleted skin is a skin powerless to defend itself against invading blemishes. Keep your skin's natural defenses strong and actively working!

How simple it is! No expensive beauty treatments. No elaborate set of creams, each for a different purpose.

It's no wonder that so many of Hollywood's famous stars choose this simple way to guard their high-priced beauty. "One cream is enough for us," they say, "just so it's this complete cream patterned on natural skin oils—Ingram's Milkweed Cream."

See what this method can do for your skin. Start tonight. Smooth in some Ingram's Milkweed Cream with the correct upward and outward stroke. Do it regularly and you'll soon begin to see your skin firm up, becoming fresher, smoother, with blemishes fading!

INGRAM'S MILKWEED CREAM

A TREATMENT CREAM, A CLEANSER, A FOUNDATION, ALL-IN-ONE

THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

"Pink Tooth Brush" may mean trouble—See your dentist—

Don't be a "DENTAL CRIPPLE"

Too little hard chewing—too much soft food—deny your gums healthful stimulation!

Change today TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

IT MAY HAPPEN *to you* that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush! If it does don't ignore it, don't treat it lightly. For "pink" on your brush is a distress call from your gums. It may lead to some dental tragedy ... *and you can't afford to take a chance!*

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist*. You may not be in for real trouble, but your dentist is the man to judge. Usually, however, he'll explain that yours is just another case of neglected gums—gums robbed of hard work, cheated of exercise—and he will probably add, "gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is *especially* designed to help your gums ... as well as to keep the teeth sparklingly clean. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Lazy gums awaken as circulation increases within them. Gum tissues, flabby and tender, become firmer, stronger, more resistant—your teeth have a brighter look!

Don't even wait for that tinge of "pink" to appear—change today to Ipana and massage. Let this modern, *sensible* oral health routine help keep you from future gum disorders. You'll have firmer, healthier gums—sparkling, attractive teeth—and a smile you can be really proud of!

Remember

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.

IPANA Tooth Paste

How I Waded Through Blood to Become a King

(Continued from Page 20)

munition. Their ancient tribal weapons they were able to stack on one side for emergencies.

As I knew would be the case, this great influx into the city became a sore trial, for Kabul was short of food even before its arrival. I resolved to add to the confusion. I despatched Sayed Hussan, one of my lieutenants, to Jubl-us-Siraj where is situated the hydro-electric power house, and he cut off the supply. Kabul was without light and electric power.

I had by this time a number of mechanics in my force. They did most excellent work. They accomplished mysterious things in the hangars at the aerodrome, and more than one aeroplane caught fire as the propellers commenced to swing. Also, the King's armored cars were made to do unaccountable things. Such mysteries were even beyond my comprehension, but I know that my men drew the petrol from the reserve tanks of these vehicles, and substituted water. Thus it was that so many armored cars issued from the city never to return.

The King's War Minister nearly went insane with rage as these various matters were reported to him. His was an unenviable task, for never did he dare to tell the King of these catastrophes.

The majority of those whom the King had armed cared not a cent for his cause, and once having secured what they wanted, either returned to their homes, roamed the city killing off rich merchants, or helped to augment my forces. A large force of Wazirs did, however, remain faithful to the King, and these men, always ready for battle, fought with spirit.

Bagh-i-Bala, where I had made my headquarters, was near the aerodrome and within a stone's throw of the British Legation, and for several days heavy encounters took place in this neighborhood. Had the Wazirs been left to their own devices the order of the day might have been different, but they were required to fight under regular officers whose methods of waging war had been learned in the office. These ornate gentlemen would leave Kabul in their motor cars just before ten o'clock in the morning. They would take a dilatory interest in the fighting during the day, issuing orders that none sought to obey, and then at four o'clock they would call for their chauffeurs to return to Kabul, there to cleanse their bodies of the grime of battle.

One morning a group of such officers, who had evidently read of the value of flank attacks from some hastily perused textbook, crept under cover of dead ground to my right. They had with them about three hundred men. I had a few men to spare at that moment, but I had a truck which had been "requisitioned." Also had I the quick-firing rifle which the Vazir had given me. I mounted the truck, and had it driven right in the midst of these men, and I fired as quickly as I could refill the magazine. It was a simple matter to pick off the officers as we charged along, and the rest of the men evidently found my quick-firing tactics none to their liking. They took to their heels, leaving fourteen dead behind them and five officers.

That night I had the heads of the officers conveyed into Kabul. Next morning they were grinning at Amanullah's window from the walls of the palace. I often wondered what were his reactions when he viewed them.

On the fifth day of the fighting I had my men strung out over a long line from Doukhtar to Kotal Kahir and I spent my time riding from one end of the line to the other, completely disregarding the rain of shells with which Amanullah favored us. I knew that I was always a conspicuous figure from the walls, for it was part of my plan invariably to be in the forefront, but I think the shrapnel which caught me in the back was but a lucky accident for the gunner. True, shells had been exploding above me for some time, but I disdained them. The shrapnel caught me just below the shoulder blade and I was rolled from my horse, in full view of the walls and all my men. The cut was a deep one, and I lost consciousness. When I recovered, there was a certain confusion. The Kabulis were lining the walls and shouting their derision. They were enthusiastic. In the ranks of my own men, however, I could discern no little alarm.

Throwing aside the hands which held me, I bade the doctor to hurry with his bandaging. Then, calling for my horse, I mounted again. I was unable to continue for more than half an hour before I had to dismount. All was going black before me, and it would have been foolishness to continue.

My injury gave the Kabulis a much-needed respite. It was during this lull that the British aeroplanes came from Peshawar and evacuated those within the British Legation. It was during this time also that Amanullah, heartened by the news of my mishap, issued forth from the palace for the first time in several days. Again he harangued the people.

That day Amanullah determined to have one more attempt at ousting me from my positions. I was then resting from my injury at Kafir Koh, and the King offered twenty thousand rupees for my head. The men of the bodyguard, and a large body of Wazir tribesmen issued forth, and fell upon us. Though one arm was still useless I could still fire my automatic rifle and I continued to fire until it burned hot in my hands. This encounter was one of the most sanguinary of the war, for we lost over two hundred men, and the Royalist casualties were heavier. Often the fighting was hand-to-hand, and when that day finished many sheep-skins were matted with blood, but not Bacha's.

We broke off the encounter toward the afternoon, and the Royalist troops returned to the capital disgusted and disgruntled. Before evening, the men of the bodyguard, declaring that they had earned at least part of the reward, assembled outside the palace demanding money. When this was not forthcoming they, too, revolted.

Amanullah was nearing the end.

Before darkness fell that evening every available aeroplane was in flight. These were on their way to Kandahar. Others had already preceded them during the days that had gone before, and they carried the persons of the Queen and the other ladies of the household, and all the crown jewels and the remaining gold in the treasury. I was not to know that until later.

That night the runners came to me in a continuous stream.

The King sat with his brother, Sirdar Inayatullah Khan, in a darkened room in the palace. He was afraid to have too great illumination in case a shot would come crashing through the windows.

Finally, Amanullah signed a paper of abdication, handing over the throne to his brother, Inayatullah, he who should have been King in Amanullah's stead.

I, Bacha Saquo, had had my way. This King had been forced to ignominious flight. Actually, he left Kabul in his automobile before dawn.

But, what was it that Mullah had said? He had mentioned many things. More remained to be disposed before I could wear the diadem.

When news was brought to me of Amanullah's impending flight, I called for my horse and, with twenty troopers, I secreted myself in the shadows on the road to Kandahar. I wanted to be sure that this King was really running away, and not indulging in yet another subterfuge. Also, I knew how easily he could change his mind, and I did not want him creeping back with the dawn, and asking for the return of his letters of abdication.

The snow had fallen deep on the road, and Amanullah found his way almost blocked. He had to proceed slowly, and I was able to keep up with his car, riding easily away on his flank. Never did we lose sight of his headlights.

At Arghandi, some twelve miles from Kabul, his car became stuck in the snow, and for two hours I had unpleasant qualms while efforts were made to dig the vehicle out. Would Amanullah never go?

Those with the King eventually cleared a way. They tied rugs round the rear wheels, and these at length got the King's car going again.

To make certain that this leisurely departure should be a flight in fact, I called to my men. Hulloaing and shrieking, we made for the car. We could see Amanullah gesticulating wildly, beseeching his driver to go quickly. Suddenly, the car swerved. One of the rugs tied to the rear wheels had become jammed in the mudguard, and for a moment I thought the car would overturn in the snow.

I had hurriedly to alter my course, otherwise I would have been upon the King. Firing our rifles in the air and shouting shrilly, we circled, while a frightened chauffeur jumped from the car and cut free the rug. Then the car once more jumped to life, and with a swoop and a roar, we were after it.

We galloped headlong for over a mile until, indeed, the car was but a speck in the distance.

I did not want to kill or capture him. I wanted the Afghans to know that their King had ignominiously run away.

Such was the manner of Amanullah's departure from his capital.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

TASTY NEW DISHES

FOR SUNDAY MEALS...

Norwegian Sardines are just right... delicious, appetizing, nourishing... lightly smoked, packed in real olive oil, ready to serve. Good for all... rich in vitamins A and D, in iron, phosphorus, calcium, iodine. Buy some today... insist on BRISLING... tastiest, finest and plumpest of all Norwegian Sardines.

FREE new Recipe Book at dealers or from Norwegian Sardines, 247 Park Avenue, New York.

NORWEGIAN SARDINES

Science Studying New Evidence of Life After Death

(Continued from Page 5)

house and cottages were built on a high bank). She and her husband have been in that light colored building. (They operated the clubhouse for two summers). Just near the building there is a little landing place with two seats for people to sit on. (There was a little landing place with two seats on it). It looks like a nice clean place. The water is very blue, the air is very clear. When you get back, way back from the lake, there are rocks. Big rocky, stony places, high tall places. You will have to climb a long way to get to the top, all stony and rocky. This is different than the usual lake country in that it is not a flat country (all this is true of this location). This is what you call rugged; it is uneven. He has been very much reminded of that place lately." Actually, on the same day Mrs. Leonard was telling this in London, Dr. Thomas's son, Jerome, was transferred to that vicinity, and they had talked about it just two days before.

Another topic which a number of different mediums told Dr. Thomas about was his wife's engagement ring. Nearly all of them told him the same facts, briefly, that it was an engagement ring, that it had been reset and given away, that the old setting had been given away to a woman they described so accurately that Dr. Thomas later identified her, and that the ring had been given to a daughter-in-law, and since lost.

Actually, Mrs. Thomas had had the diamond reset when her son John became engaged, and presented to his sweetheart, who is now his wife. The old setting she gave to her sister, who was described by the medium. Since then the younger Mrs. Thomas had the misfortune to lose the ring.

No one can read the 320-page book in which Dr. Thomas's studies are set forth without being impressed. But many scientists are not at all ready to admit that the communications came through some kind of dim and imperfect contact with the soul or spirit of his dead wife, even if they agree that Dr. Thomas's records are correct, that he was not self-deceived or that the mediums did not get information about him from confederates or other devious ways. Curiously enough, part of the evidence which supports these scientific skeptics of life beyond the grave comes from the same Duke University psychological laboratories which have sponsored Dr. Thomas's own investigations. It is from the work on what is called extra-sensory perception by Dr. J. B. Rhine.

Readers of The American Weekly already have read of this work and of how it is done, by guessing the symbols on the faces of cards, otherwise resembling playing cards.

One deck of these contains 25 cards, displaying five different symbols; a circle, a star, a rectangle, a cross and a series of wavy lines. Each deck has five cards of each kind. Taking one of these decks, previously well shuffled, the person who is testing his ability at extra-sensory perception, nicknamed E. S. P., tries to guess correctly each card as the cards are dealt unseen. By chance, the average of correct guesses should be five times in each deck, since only five guesses are possible and there are twenty-five guesses altogether.

The remarkable fact, discovered several years ago in Professor Rhine's earliest work, is that some people make many more than an average of five correct guesses per deck. Nearly 200,000 such guesses now have been recorded under different conditions by Dr. Rhine and his associates. In an independent study at New York University by Professor C. C. Clark and Mr. Vernon Sharp, more than 100,000 similar guesses have been recorded.

All the work agrees in showing that some people have an unusual and inexplicable ability to guess these cards rightly more often than can be explained by chance. This seems to be possible in about the same degree whether someone else knows the card that is being guessed or not. If someone else does know it, the results tend to prove telepathy or unconscious communication between minds. If no one else knows it, the indication is in favor of what has been called clairvoyance, the ability claimed by many mediums and others to perceive what is inside closed books, boxes, etc.

If the ability which Dr. Rhine describes really exists, and if it is not limited by time and space, it is obvious that the astounding instances of knowledge of disasters at a distance, perception of what is in another person's mind and so on can be explained on a purely natural basis.

A similar possible explanation is provided for experiences like those assembled by Dr. Thomas. His results have not yet been analyzed from this viewpoint, but it is probable that most of his correct "communications" were material known to some living person, either Dr. Thomas himself or someone else. Others presumably were embodied in written or printed materials, which it can be imagined that the mind of the medium could examine unconsciously.

So much proof has been accumulated that there are few who do not now admit that there is real truth under the old ideas of telepathy or mind reading and of clairvoyance or seeing without eyes. But neither Dr. Rhine nor anyone else implies that these things are due to "spirit controls." They believe merely that they have discovered some previously unrecognized power of the human mind.

And where this affects the argument about the survival of personality after death is that such kinds of telepathy or clairvoyance as Dr. Rhine's researches apparently have proved may explain the puzzling facts uncovered by Dr. Thomas and others without requiring the conclusion that disembodied spirits had anything to do with them.

LLOYD'S of LONDON
BACK FITCH'S GUARANTEE TO

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Here is good news for everyone troubled with unsightly dandruff. No need to worry longer! Now you can remove dandruff as you wash your hair by using a shampoo which completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is guaranteed to remove dandruff with the first application—under a positive money-back guarantee. Back of this guarantee is Lloyds of London, world famous guarantors for over two hundred years... your positive assurance that Fitch's Shampoo removes dandruff with the very first application. And remember, a Fitch Shampoo leaves your hair shining clean and radiantly beautiful.

KILLS GERMS—REMOVES ALL DANDRUFF
—DIRT AND FOREIGN MATTER

Tests made by some of America's leading bacteriologists have shown striking results. In every case their findings prove that Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo is a true germicide, certain to destroy bacteria as well as to remove all dandruff, dirt and foreign matter. *Try it today and enjoy* the thrill of a really clean and healthy scalp. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

LABORATORY TESTS PROVE FITCH'S EFFICIENCY

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo.

WORLD RECOGNITION OF FITCH'S

The Gold Medals shown here are but a few of the high honors bestowed upon Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo. This famous preparation has also been awarded numerous Diplomas of Honor at International Expositions all over the world.

After thorough testing, Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo has been awarded the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval—a mark of known quality everywhere.

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Fitch's TRADE MARK Dandruff Remover SHAMPOO

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Now the KLEENEX HABIT Costs Less during Colds and Hay Fever

• Talk about savings! Kleenex Tissues save your nose during colds and hay fever; they're very soothing and non-irritating. They save your money for now they cost less and you can use so many tissues for less than the cost of having a single handkerchief laundered. And of course Kleenex reduces handkerchief washing.

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BECAUSE OF HIS OLIVE OIL POWDER!

AGAINST "prickly heat" your baby's surest, most soothing protection is Z.B.T. *Olive Oil* Baby Powder. The olive oil explains why Z.B.T. is so much softer and more comforting—why it is so superior to other baby powders in preventing chafing and irritation even on hottest days. Leading hospitals use it.

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FACIAL BLEMISHES EXTERNALLY CAUSED

NOW I HAVE ROMANCE RESINOL HELPED CLEAR MY SKIN

RESINOL FOR SURFACE PIMPLES

THE GREATEST BOOK of knowledge in the world is a scrap-book containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of The American Weekly. Why not start one for home and school use?

Making the Most of Melons

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

MAKE the most of melons, for the season for this delicious fruit passes all too quickly.

Until quite recently the main melons for general use were the watermelon and the cantaloup, except in those seacoast towns to which strange melons were shipped occasionally from their tropical homes. But today, such is the speed of transportation and the science of refrigeration that America has become almost a land of melons, both imported, and developed by home producers from exotic melons from afar.

We are accustomed to asking for and buying "cantaloups," when in reality the cantaloup is only one variety of muskmelon most common in Italy, and not at all commonly grown in America. Cantaloup seeds, first imported from Armenia, were cultivated in Europe in the vicinity of the Castle of Cantalupo, in Italy. Hence, the name. It is therefore a mistake to call all muskmelons by the blanket term "cantaloup."

Other varieties of melons found in the grocery store depend on geography. Thus in certain localities special melons may be grown, marketed and liked by local customers, although the shipping qualities may be poor for national distribution.

What's in a melon? Flavor, and water. So it's the flavor that sets the seal of approval on this melon or that. Picking flavor from a rind-tight melon is not an easy task. True fragrance is elusive, and most difficult to judge by eye and touch tests. Everyone knows the disappointment that comes from eating a melon which tastes flat. Yet it is always the flavored fruit which also has the tender-textured pulp, a soft or buttery flesh, and a good rich color. So, how to tell?

Here's a digest of what experts think and advise about selecting the cream of the melon crop:

In choosing cantaloups, feel them in the hand. Are they heavy? Weight is as important in choosing melons as in choosing grapefruit. Light melons are likely to be punky. Buy the larger melon, even at a little greater cost.

Do not select grotesque or uneven-shaped melons, which invariably are not up to par.

Choose melons on which the veins or ribs stand out plainly like whipcord. Don't trust a smooth scalp melon if it ought to have ribs like a pineapple. Know your melon types.

Make the stem test: when a cantaloup is picked at the ripe or "full-slip" stage, the stem comes clean from the melon, leaving a cup-like hole. This is your ripe melon. If a portion of stem clings to the melon, it means a "half-slip" or immature melon with less taste, smell and flavor.

Don't allow the salesman to tell you that any melon which can be dented slightly at the blossom end is "fully ripe." Any green cantaloup can be softened by repeated pressings on the stem end, and is, when repeatedly handled by customers.

Remember the three characteristics of a good cantaloup: softness, yellow color under the netting, and aroma.

The point about repeated handling reminds me of an actual occurrence in a store I frequently patronize. The dealer had a large pyramidal display of choice cantaloups, and in the center he had placed a large cocoanut with a sign readying: "If you want to pinch, pinch this!" This also recalls the cautious French storekeepers who, if you even touch a single fruit, force you to buy it. I recall when marketing in France, trying to squeeze a pear to see if it was ripe, and the dealer forcing it into my hand, even though I declared it was a poor buy.

And now for Mr. Watermelon — how can you tell if he is of the desired ripeness? To me, this seems more difficult than selecting a good muskmelon, where the "stem test" for a "full slip" melon is one visible and infallible test.

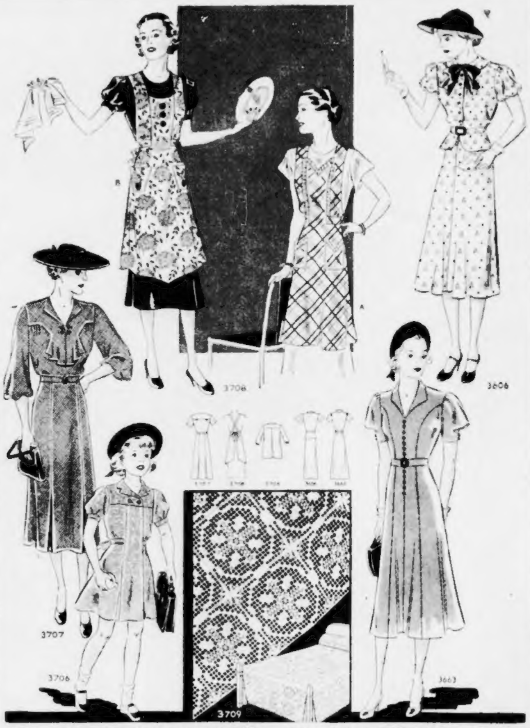
This does not work on watermelons. Here we must by ear know the difference between "plunk" and "plink," as the old Negro explained. Thump the melon and listen. If the thump goes "plunk," the melon is ripe, but "plink" means the melon is green! Rather difficult, possibly. But some experts declare that if the melon is an ivory yellow on the under side and also yellowish on top, it should be mature and perfect.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Raisin Bread, Marmalade, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Cantaloup, Cereal, Soft-Cooked Eggs, Toasted Squash Biscuits (Left-Overs), Coffee.	*Breakfast* Peaches, Cereal, Cheese Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Sliced Pineapple, Whole Grain Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Reheated Ice-Box Rolls, Coffee Substitute.	*Breakfast* Grapefruit, Cereal, Codfish and Potato Cakes, Toast, Milk or Coffee.	*Breakfast* Ripe Figs, Cereal, Coddled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	*Breakfast* Orange Juice, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Green Corn Pancakes, Coffee.
Luncheon (Company) Ham and Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Squash Biscuits, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Pineapple Mint Sherbet, Cookies, Iced Coffee Substitute.	*Luncheon* Potato Salad in Tomato Aspic, Mayonnaise Dressing, Quick Swedish Tea Ring, Fruit Compote, Iced Lemonade.	*Luncheon* Tunafish Pie, Steamed Apples with Grated Raw Carrot, Sliced Radishes and Cucumbers, Ice-Box Rolls, Iced Fruit Punch.	*Luncheon (Company)* Brunswick Stew, Old-Fashioned Corn Crisps, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Baked Fruit Turnovers, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Nasturtium Hors d'Oeuvres, Succotash, O'Brien Potatoes, Sliced Tomatoes, Swedish Bread, Upside-Down Apple Cake, Lemon Sauce, Iced Tea.	*Luncheon* Spanish Eggplant, Pineapple and Cabbage Salad Garnished with Grated Raw Beets, Tomato Ice-Box Rolls, Caramel Tarts, Iced Tea.	*Dinner* Love-Apple Hors d'Oeuvres, Jellied or Baked Boned Chicken, Lima Beans, Spiced Beets, Ice Box Rolls, Peach Ice Box Cake, Iced Coffee.
Dinner Crown Roast of Wieners, Whipped Potatoes, French-Fried Julienne Eggplant, Fruit Mangoes, Tomato Slaw, Chocolate Spanish Cream.	*Dinner* Broiled Beef Cakes and Bananas with Horseradish Sauce, Green String-Beans, Corn on the Cob, Jellied Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Butterscotch Trifle.	*Dinner* Mixed Grill (Chops, Sausages, Bacon, Tomatoes, Potatoes and Sliced Pineapple), Savory Green Salad, French Dressing, Fruit Frappe, Frosted Chocolate Cup Cakes.	*Supper* Jellied Beet and Celery Salad, Bacon Sandwiches, Lemon Sherbet, Cookies.	*Dinner* Haddock a la King in Toast Boxes, Green Peas, Asparagus Salad with Cheese and Pearl Onions, Salad Dressing, Peach Sherbet with Raspberry Sauce, Cookies.	*Dinner* Iced Sauerkraut Juice, Salted Crackers, Roast Hamburg Steak, Baked Stuffed Tomatoes, Buttered Corn, Watermelon.	*Supper* Macaroni Salad with Vegetable Garnish, Cantaloup or Peach Mangoes, Swedish Bread, Fruit Whip, Cookies.

American Weekly Pattern



Pattern 3708—LIVEN YOUR HOMEMAKING TASKS BY STITCHING UP THIS JOLLY APRON TWOSOME—BOTH FROM ONE SIMPLE PATTERN. Designed for sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Small size requires 2 yards 36-inch fabric for each apron; Apron A, 1⅞ yards ruffling.

Pattern 3606—STITCH UP THIS JAUNTY TWO-PIECER TO CARRY YOU GAILY THROUGH MID-SEASON AND AUTUMN GAIETIES! Designed for misses' sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric; 1⅛ yards 4-inch ribbon bow.

Pattern 3707—LIKE TO LOOK SLIM? THEN CHOOSE THIS BECOMING FROCK THAT'S DISTINGUISHED BY A RIPPLING JABOT. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3706—SEND YOUR MARY-ANN BACK TO SCHOOL FROCKED IN THIS STURDY MODEL. IDEAL IN BRIGHT COTTON. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3709—DAINTY FILET MEDALLIONS ARE COMBINED INTO THIS EXQUISITE BEDSPREAD THAT'S EVER SO EASY TO CROCHET. Pattern 3709 contains directions for making the 9-inch square and joining it to form a variety of articles; illustrations of it and all stitches used; material requirements.

Pattern 3663—PRINCESS LINES ENHANCE THE STYLE MAGIC OF THIS ADORABLE AFTERNOON FROCK. IDEAL IN A DAINTY SHEER. Designed for misses' and women's sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

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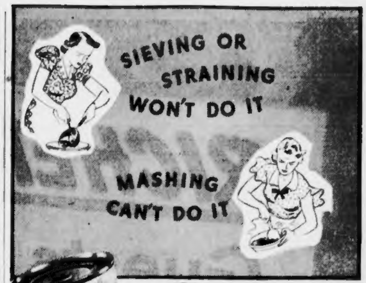
DELICIOUS Florida grapefruit is in season now all year 'round. And what a boon these hot days to be able to open a can and find it all ready to enjoy—cooling, refreshing juice to quench your thirst in a jiffy—plump, tempting sections of fruit to give zestful new flavor to fruit cups or salads. Why not have some today?

Serve Florida grapefruit—*lots* of it—all summer long. It alkalizes, helps you stand the heat better. Always have several cans chilling in the refrigerator. Buy Florida grapefruit and grapefruit juice today.

Florida Citrus Commission, Lakeland, Fla.

BUY A DOZEN CANS AT A TIME

Delicious Florida Orange Juice in cans, too. Order today!

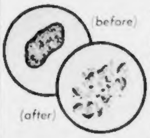

SIEVING OR STRAINING WON'T DO IT
MASHING CAN'T DO IT

Only Libby's special process makes BABY FOODS *Extra easy to digest!*

● You'd gladly spend *hours* every day straining baby's foods . . . if that would help baby grow big and strong. Of course you would!

But remember, Mother, no matter how hard you work you can't make solid foods *as easy for baby to digest as Libby does.*

Why Libby's Baby Foods digest more easily than strained foods . . .



Libby's special method of homogenization breaks up food cells—releases nourishment. No sieve or strainer can do this.

It's because Libby uses a special method of *homogenization* in preparing baby's vegetables, fruits, cereal and soup. This special process does what no sieve or strainer can ever do—it completely breaks up the *food cells* in solid foods—sets nourishment in these cells free for easier digestion. Libby's Baby Foods digest more easily than the *finest* strained foods!

Many doctors recommend Libby's Baby Foods as early as three months because they're *extra-easy* to digest . . . to supplement baby's milk formula with extra minerals (iron especially) and vitamins for growth and development.

See your doctor regularly about your baby's diet.

Your grocer has Libby's Baby Foods in economical tins—or will be glad to get them for you.

THREE FOODS IN EVERY TIN!

No. 1 Peas, beets, asparagus tips
No. 2 Pumpkin, tomatoes, string beans
No. 3 Carrots, spinach, peas
No. 4 Cereal combination—whole milk, whole wheat, soya flour
No. 5 Prunes, pineapple juice, lemon juice
No. 6 Soup—vegetables, chicken livers, barley

Such a convenience . . . so economical. Libby's Baby Foods come in special combinations . . . three foods in each tin (instead of one) all blended together. Each of these special combinations gives baby minerals and vitamins that babies need for good growth and development. You can order them by number—all ready to warm and serve.

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Libby's HOMOGENIZED* BABY FOODS

*An exclusive Libby process that completely breaks up cells, fibers and starch particles and releases all nutriment for easier digestion. U. S. Pat. No. 2057029.

New Booklet . . . FREE

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Dept. AW-8X, Chicago

Please send me, without charge, new booklet, "Helping Baby Grow Big and Strong."

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THE PERFECT GRIND FOR DRIP PERCOLATOR AND ALL OTHER METHODS
COFFEE
ONE POUND NET WEIGHT
CHASE AND SANBORN COFFEE —its DATED

RICHER Iced Coffee for your Guests this Summer

You can easily afford it in the economical bag

YOUR lawn will be headquarters for Iced Coffee this summer if you make the tall, cooling drink with richer, fuller flavored *Dated* Coffee.

Chase & Sanborn *guarantee* freshness by a unique Dating and Delivery system. Every bag of *Dated* Coffee is rushed by a nation-wide fleet of trucks, fresh from the roasting ovens to your grocer. Delivered as fresh as the cream you put in it! And clearly marked with the date of delivery for your protection from flat, stale flavor. You *can't* buy a stale bag of *Dated* Coffee.

That's why there is no need of expensive containers, why we can pack this very high-grade coffee in the economical bag and give *you* the benefit of this saving.

With *Dated* Coffee giving you much richer flavor at a price so easy to afford, you'll want to serve more Iced Coffee than ever in the hot weather. Be prepared to serve this delicious drink at its very best! Order rich but inexpensive Chase & Sanborn *Dated* Coffee at your grocer's tomorrow.

Listen to the Chase & Sanborn Coffee Radio Program on the N.B.C. Red Network every Sunday Night

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For finest flavor in Iced Coffee, USE HIGH-GRADE COFFEE . . .

Only the finest quality, fullest flavored coffee will do, when you make *Iced* Coffee. Because, as the ice melts, it's bound to dilute the coffee. And even measuring your coffee more generously than usual—which is the rule for Iced Coffee—can't make up for this loss of flavor unless you start out with a coffee that is fresh, extra rich and high grade. For better Iced Coffee, use *Dated* Coffee.